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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

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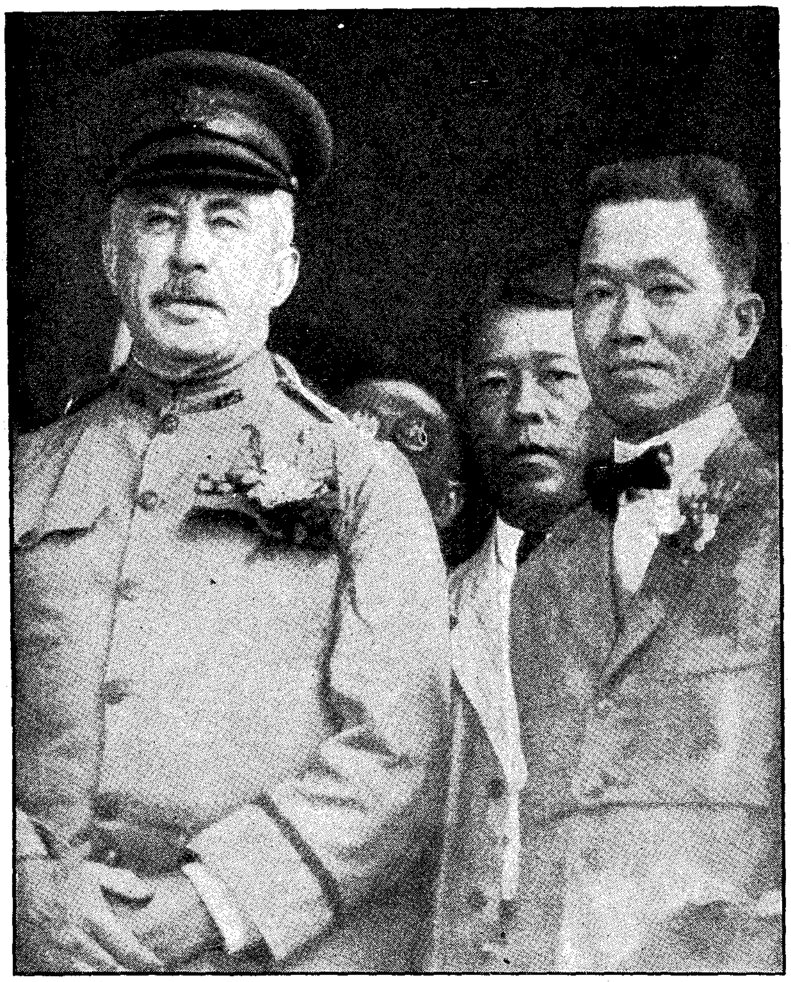
THE PHILIPPINE ROW

"HE MAY BE A BROTHER of William H. Taft, but he ain't no brother of mine," ran the words of a once popular song supposed to indicate the attitude of our soldiers in the Philippines toward the "little brown brothers." In the complaints made recently against Governor-General Wood by native Filipino political leaders some editors see evidence that the General's military training has given his mind the slant indicated in the soldiers' song, and they argue that no Army officer ought to occupy such a tact-demanding civil administrative office. Others see in the news of the resignations and resolution-passing in Manila the need for a strong hand to control the situation. And one Republican editor breaks out—"Thank heaven it is Wood who is on the job!" And then there are others who interpret the recent clash as one more proof that we haven't yet learned how to carry our white man's burden gracefully. They point out that President Wilson tried for eight years to give the natives a maximum share in the government of the islands and set them to thinking that independence was just around the corner; while the policy of the Harding Administration, as carried out by Leonard Wood, they tell us, is one of efficiency first, less experimenting with native control, and a tendency to impress on the native mind that the road to self-government is long and arduous. Such a radical change of policy was perhaps bound to bring about a clash, and it came, as such clashes usually come, over a very small matter.

Governor-General Wood reinstated a Manila secret-service official after legal exoneration from charges of wrong-doing, without consulting the man's immediate superiors, whereupon the Governor's Council of State and Cabinet resigned in a body, and the Governor accepted the resignations. Then it developed that there had also been differences of opinion over financial policies which had previously produced considerable hard feeling. The resignations were followed by an appeal to Washington. The Filipino legislature met as the "Philippine Commission of Independence" to approve the resignations, demand the recall of Governor-General Wood, and plead for immediate independence as "the only satisfactory solution of the problem."



"THIS QUESTION CAN BE SETTLED PEACEFULLY"

Time seems to have cooled the fighting blood of Emilio Aguinaldo, the old Filipino insurrecto leader, for that is his quiet remark on the controversy between the Filipino leaders and Governor-General Wood, with whom Aguinaldo is here posing for a picture. Aguinaldo's son is a West Point cadet.

Manuel Quezon, President of the Philippine Senate, and former resident Commissioner at Washington, whom the dispatches indicate to be the leader in the anti-Wood movement, has issued a statement in which he says the Filipino people "remain loyal to the United States and no question affecting America's sovereignty is involved." What has been done is only "a most pacific protest against what we consider to be an attempt to curtail the autonomous powers that we now enjoy."

A detailed explanation of the break, as seen by the Filipino leaders, is made by Alfredo Samson, Secretary of the Philippine Press Bureau at Washington, maintained by the Commission of Independence:

> "The intention of Congress in the Jones law, passed in August, 1916, was to give the Filipinos all possible powers of local self-government not incompatible with the sovereignty of the United States.
>
> "But Governor Wood has gone directly against the spirit of the

Courtesy of Philippine Press Bureau, Washington, D. C.

HE LEADS THE FILIPINO OPPOSITION TO WOOD

Manuel L. Quezon, leader of the Philippine independence movement, photographed at his desk as President of the Senate.

Jones law. His acts and policies have been more characteristic of a military autocracy than of a civil administration.

"He has vetoed much important domestic legislation of the Philippine legislature. One of the sixteen bills he vetoed carried an appropriation for a ten-year university program. This measure did not in any way affect the sovereignty of the United States. If the Filipino people, through their duly elected legislature, can not spend their own money, then they have no self-government at all.

"Governor Wood next attempted to force the Filipino leaders to lease the successfully government owned and operated Manila Railroad Company to New York capitalists in spite of the almost unanimous opposition of the Filipino people. The Filipino leaders absolutely refused to sign the lease, and the Governor had to accept defeat.

"Governor Wood then set about to force the Government to close out the sugar centrals which were rendering a most valuable service to Filipino sugar-growers. The latter made such a vehement protest that he was again forced to yield.

"Governor Wood is now doing his best to force the Government to abandon its Philippine National Bank. He has already closed a number of the branches of the bank. If this bank is closed, Philippine commerce and the Filipino people will be almost entirely at the mercy of foreign capital. They know only too well what that means, for they were up against such a condition before they created the government bank, and they were exploited most outrageously.

"Governor Wood is attempting to supplant the Philippine Council of State and the Philippine legislature as the policy-making and the law-making power of the Philippines. If he is to be allowed to continue on the road he has been traveling, Congress might as well abolish the Legislature and admit to the world there is no longer any local self-government in the Philippines."

Governor-General Wood's side of the story has not been given to the press, but plenty of editors are willing to speak up for him. Take for instance the Republican New York *Tribune:* it calls the resignation of the Filipino leaders "a challenge to the whole theory of American control in the Philippines" and "an effort on Mr. Quezon's part to determine who's who in Manila." As *The Tribune* understands it:

"Under Governor-General Harrison the Legislature was invited to do pretty much as it pleased, and the administration was left largely in native hands. Mr. Harrison's chief ambition seemed to be to bring to an end the line of American Governors-General, to haul down the flag from his palace and take it back with him to San Francisco. His actions and President Wilson's words spoiled the native politicians. The latter began to look upon the government as exclusively their own. The consequence was that the public services ran down and the public treasury was emptied. General Wood's first task in the Philippines was to reorganize the insular finances and restore governmental credit.

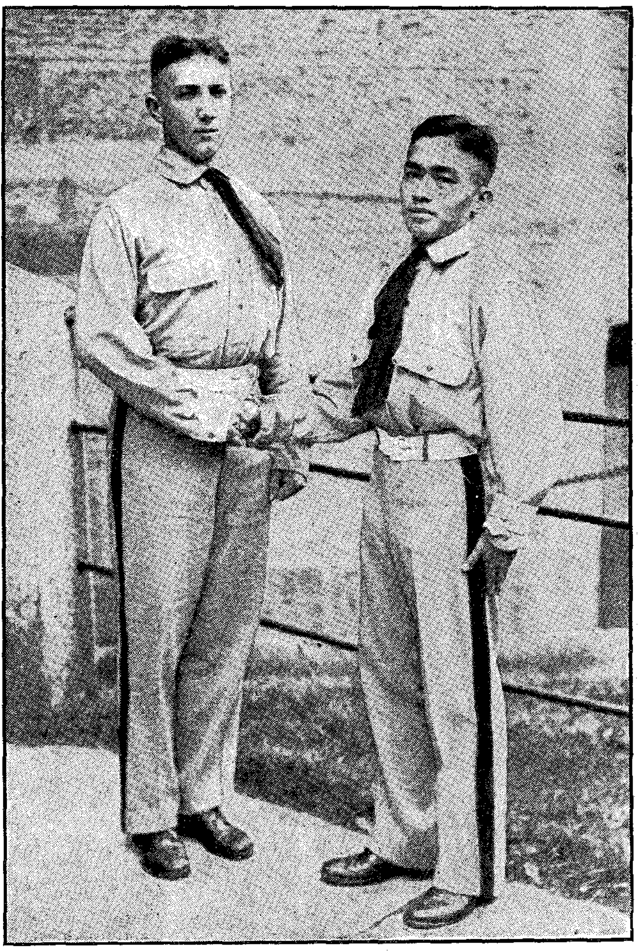
"Naturally the Independista politicians long for a return of the Harrison era or for the coming of an era of independence and unhampered exploitation of the island's resources. They count on the ardent sympathy of the group of Americans who wanted to turn the islands loose in 1916.

"General Wood will not surrender our sovereignty to threats at Manila any more than he would surrender it at the clamor of the 'anti-imperialists' of the American press, who think that they are fighting the Bryan campaign of 1900 over again."

General Wood is credited with important specific accomplishments in a Washington dispatch to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger:*

"Aside from rehabilitation of the office of Governor-General, the Wood administration has been marked by a wide variety of constructive work. The gold reserve of the National Bank of the Philippines has been restored, and the Philippine peso, at a 16-cent discount when General Wood took charge, is back to its face value. The Manila Railroad, owned by the Philippine Government, earned 10 per cent. last year, and the sanitary conditions have been improved so that no epidemics of disease have occurred in the period of the Wood administration."

Strong defense of General Wood, who was a leading candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination three years ago, is not unnaturally found in such papers of Republican affiliations or leanings as the Boston *Transcript*, New York *Sun and Globe*, Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, Manchester *Union*, Providence *Journal*, Philadelphia *North American*, Pittsburgh *Gazette Times*, Chicago *Evening Post*, St. Paul *Dispatch*, Grand



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MANILA PAPERS PLEASE COPY

Frederick Funston, Sr., fought and captured Emilio Aguinaldo, Sr. Here are Frederick Funston, Jr. (at the reader's left) and Emilio Aguinaldo, Jr., both West Point "plebes," in a friendly pose.

Courtesy of Philippine Press Bureau, Washington, D. C.

FILIPINO WOMEN WORKERS FOR INDEPENDENCE

The directors of the National League of Filipino Women, organized last winter to work for independence, court reform, better marriage laws, woman suffrage, and improved education. This board has taken a stand in the controversy between Governor-General Wood and the Filipino leaders expressing "its desire that the Philippines be run by a government of law and not of men," and its "decided approval of the dignified attitude of the resigning members of the Philippine Council of State, the Secretaries of Departments, and the Mayor of Manila."

Rapids *Herald*, Kansas City *Star*, Wichita *Beacon*, and San Francisco *Chronicle*. And it is interesting to find that the Governor-General is no less stoutly defended by the Democratic New York *Times*, Brooklyn *Citizen*, Birmingham *Age-Herald*, and Montgomery *Advertiser*.

Among those who give credence to the complaints against Governor-General Wood there is a tendency to remark that he may be the right man in the wrong place. A military officer, contends the Detroit *News* (Ind.), "is the last man on earth to send to a land ostensibly being prepared for self-government." The Boston *Post* (Ind. Dem.) thinks that Wood's "martinet methods" may have done harm. Ever since his arrival in the Philippines, says the Louisville *Courier-Journal* (Dem.), "General Wood has created the suspicion that his widely advertised tact, prudence and administrative capacity had failed to accompany him to the Philippines," and his record on the islands "raises the question whether or not his career of usefulness as a public servant is nearing its close." The New York *World*, always hostile to Leonard Wood and his friend Theodore Roosevelt, and likewise hostile to "imperialism" as a national policy, thinks that the Governor-General is simply carrying out the policies of the present Republican Administration at Washington. It says:

> "When Leonard Wood went out to the Philippines, it was understood that he was to crush the spirit of independence among the native population. His uniform and the two stars on his collar were admirably calculated to accomplish that task. Long experience in the tropics had given him a soldier's attitude toward dark-skinned races, and his record eloquently testifies to his impatience of any authority but his own. From his subordinates Leonard Wood has always required unquestioning obedience. From his superiors, as the War Department well remembers, he has expected the privileges of an equal.
>
> "It is not unlikely that the Governor-General welcomed an opportunity to prove to the Philippine officials how little power they actually enjoy."

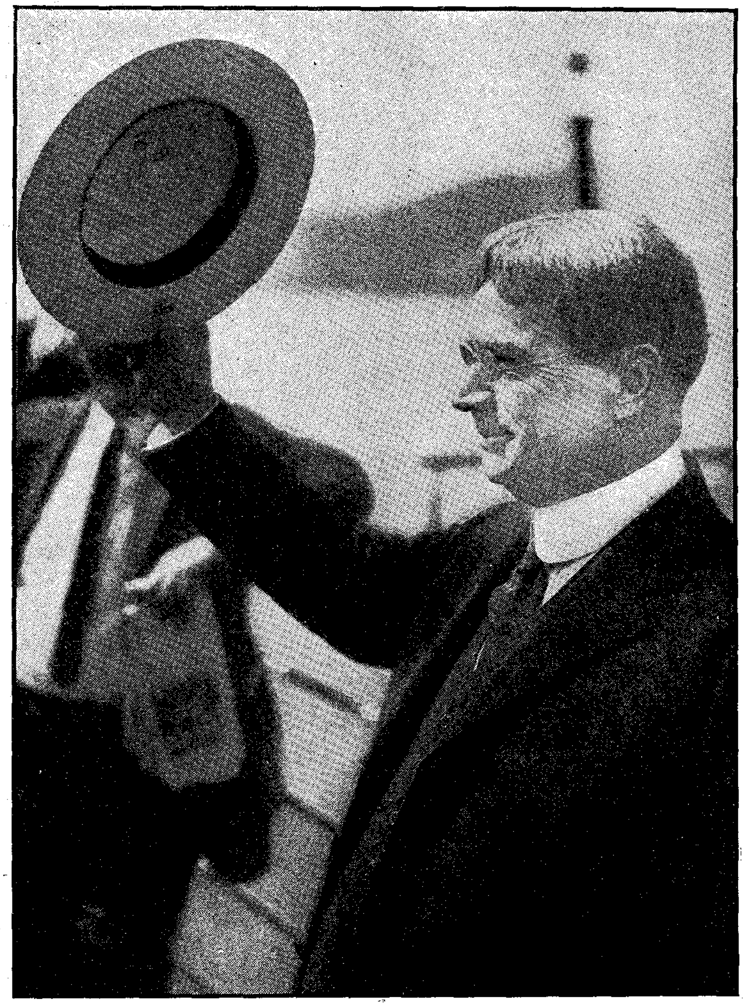
That the trouble in the Philippines is due to our uncertain and shifting colonial policies seems evident enough to independent papers like the New York *Journal of Commerce*, Newark *News*, Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and Chicago *Daily News*. There will be trouble as long as we are in the Philippines, say the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (Dem.), New Orleans *Times-Picayune* (Dem.), Wichita *Eagle* (Ind.), *Minnesota Star* (Labor), and Springfield *Republican* (Ind.). And the Republican Chicago *Tribune* joins with these papers when it calls our position "untenable," in the following words:

> "We are not ready to rule the islands as subject territory. We can not pretend to govern them as by the consent of the governed. We do not grant them independence, yet we have lately pledged ourselves to naval and military conditions which make it impossible for us to defend them.
>
> "In the *Tribune's* opinion we ought to get out of the islands. They are a political nuisance and an exposed flank."

But even short of giving the islands their freedom, there is something Congress could do to avoid such incidents as the recent one, contend Patrick Gallagher, Asiatic editor of the New York *Commercial*, and also the unnamed writer of a news story in the New York *Evening Post*. The roots of the controversy, explains Mr. Gallagher, "are buried in Philippine insular legislation that was permitted by the Wilson Administration." There is a "confusion of Philippine and American authority under the Jones law," we read in *The Evening Post*. This law gave the Filipinos an elective legislature. They "have accordingly held their government to be absolutely parliamentary with secretaries of departments responsible only to the legislature, a view-point in which General Wood has not concurred. Due to the peculiarities of the Jones law, difference of interpretation is said to warrant either of these positions." Persons familiar with the Philippines are said to believe that disturbances such as the present one are bound to occur "from time to time until the matter is corrected at its source, which calls for Congressional action at Washington."

HIRAM JOHNSON'S OPENING GUN

HIRAM JOHNSON NEVER MADE A BETTER SPEECH than the one delivered in New York City on July 25th against "foreign entanglements" in general, and the World Court and League of Nations in particular, avers Arthur Brisbane, editorial writer of Mr. Hearst's New York *American*. This experienced observer maintains, furthermore, that "Republicans will conveniently forget their World Court plan before the California Senator has made half a dozen more speeches, or the Republican party will be knocked on the head politically." But "more significant than the address itself, thinks Mr. Munsey's Republican New York *Sun*, "is the fact that it indicates the impressions which Mr. Johnson will carry into the next Congress."



"I WENT TO EUROPE AN AMERICAN; I RETURN AN AMERICAN"

Said Senator Johnson, after a four months' investigation of conditions abroad.

Senator Johnson "has been called a good many things, but no one has ever called him a 'stuffed shirt,'" remarks the Manchester *Union* (Ind. Rep.). "Always an interesting figure in politics, Johnson to-day is more in the spotlight than ever," declares the Democratic Richmond *Times-Dispatch*. There was danger of an estrangement between the Senator and President Harding while the "World Court baby" retained its health, notes the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Ind. Dem.), "but since it became afflicted with infantile paralysis the threatened row is likely to be composed."

There have been predictions of late that the California Senator would be a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination next year, but the independent Philadelphia *Public Ledger* believes "the situation must change greatly if he is to be a serious entry in the 1924 Derby."

In this opinion Mark Sullivan, the Republican New York *Tribune's* political expert, concurs. In fact—

> "It can almost be taken for granted that Johnson will never throw his hat in the ring unless and until Mr. Harding first takes his out. For one thing, Johnson knows that it is almost impossible to prevent the renomination of a President in office who is standing for a second term. For another reason, Johnson knows that the very process of making a fight on President Harding would entail discrediting the whole Republican Administration and Republican party, would provide the public with good reasons for turning away from all Republicans whatever, and would greatly increase the chances of a Democrat winning the subsequent election.
>
> "As for leading a third party, Johnson has been through that once and has no illusions about either its pleasures or its probabilities of success."

But even if he is not a candidate, Senator Johnson will be able to hold up to the Senate a much more vivid and authoritative picture of European conditions for having been there, it is admitted. And while in his New York City address he carefully disclaimed any political motives, "that will not prevent his address being read by politicians," observes the New York *Sun*. Said the Senator in part:

> "You may call the present effort what you will—a league, a conference, an association or a world court—the result, whether intended or not, will be exactly the same. Nobody in Europe cares a rap for the International Court; many care very much whether we get into it. Nobody expects the World Court to solve any real provocative international problem; but many expect, if the United States can be lured into it, the United States is on the way not only to the League of Nations, but to a full participation in European affairs.
>
> "However well intended, it is a dreadful thing to tell our people that the International Court will stop war or that it will have the slightest effect upon wars. The Court means nothing of the sort. It is an utterly futile agency for peace—it can not and it will not prevent wars, and it does not pretend to do so. It has jurisdiction of nothing except what countries may choose to submit to it, and the four great member nations—Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan—have specifically declined to submit to its compulsory jurisdiction.
>
> "Call it Court or what you will, its genesis is the League of Nations. It is part of the machinery of the League. It is the advisory body of the League; its opinions are based upon the prerogatives of the League; the law of the League is in reality the law of the Court; and behind the League, controlling it and directing it, are the chancelleries of Europe, with their secret diplomacy, their selfishness and cupidity and their hideous schemes of exploitation and conquest.
>
> "If we become a part of what is happening abroad, we would be but the dupe or the prey of the one faction or the other. Free, independent, unfettered, by League or association, Court or conference, America can speak and the world will heed."

Senator Johnson's critics, on the other hand, maintain that he did not go to Europe with an open mind, and that he secured only superficial impressions. "Hiram merely went over to supply a new stock of the old mental furniture," says the Pittsburgh *Sun* (Dem.), and the Republican Springfield *Union* sees in the great number of public men now studying conditions abroad "evidence of the growing appreciation of the fact that European conditions are of vital concern to us." As the Canton *News* (Ind. Dem.) puts it:

> "The significant feature about all this seems to be that Senator Johnson deliberately went to Europe for a specific purpose, and that purpose was not to look at the questions in hand from all view-points. An irreconcilable of his type sees only one side to such matters, and that is his side. But let him say what he pleases. He will find that a new thought has grown up in America since he left and that Americans are not so easily fooled."

WHAT TURKEY WON AT LAUSANNE

LIKE A TALE out of the "Arabian Nights" has been the rise of modern Turkey in the few swift years since her wreckage at the Treaty of Sèvres, after the World War, is the dramatic fact that is pointed out by the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* in connection with the final signing, on July 24, at Lausanne, of the much-discust peace treaty between the Allies and Turkey. After one of the most crushing defeats in history, points out this paper, Turkey has arisen as a strong homogeneous republic, reviving the hopes of 200,000,000 foreign-ruled Moslems, who now long for freedom. But while Turkey thus regains much of her liberty, the warships and merchantmen of all nations, on the other hand, will henceforth have the freedom of the waterways linking the Mediterranean and Black Seas by the special "Straits Convention," annexed to the treaty. It is a unanimous verdict, points out the Associated Press correspondent at Lausanne, that Soviet Russia's last-minute decision to adhere to this agreement stands out as the "most significant single feature of the Lausanne Conference." The Bolsheviks, says he, have probably "committed Russia for all time to opening the Straits to men-of-war, thus giving a new turn to history." At the same time, this opening of the gates of the Bosporus for the first time since 1453 works both ways, as Arthur Brisbane notes in the New York *American*, with the words:

> "The important thing is, what kind of a fleet will Russia one day send out through the Dardanelles—ships on the water, submarines under the water, flying-machines above the water."

P. & A. Photograph

"HE SMILED, BUT SELDOM YIELDED"

Ismet Pasha, Turkey's spokesman at Lausanne, who is generally credited with winning the chief laurels of the Conference for his rejuvenated nation.

One of the most stupendous, and in some ways one of the most cruel, human movements in history is launched in the same treaty by the compulsory exchange of populations who have already been suffering for twelve years. This provision, by which the Turkish population of Greece must migrate back to Anatolia and the Greeks in Turkey must return to a Greece already burdened with refugees, is not particularly strest by preliminary reports on the treaty. But taken in connection with the fact that the Armenians must seek refuge in neighboring lands like Syria or Southern Russia, it involves a sum total of human suffering, which makes clear the statement of the New York *Times* that:

> "The Treaty of Lausanne writes into history the fact that the 'Great Powers' were beaten by the Turks because of their own moral and intellectual shortcomings. They were beaten, but the Greeks and Armenians pay the bill."

These three points are the outstanding features of the treaty. A summary of the more important facts among the 143 articles of the treaty, taken from the Associated Press dispatches from Lausanne, follows:

(1). The treaty is signed by Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Greece, Roumania and Turkey. Jugo-Slavia refused to sign at the last minute because the treaty distributes part of the old Ottoman debt over countries like Jugo-Slavia which acquired parts of Turkey.

(2). The Straits Convention provides that the Bosporus and Dardanelles shall be open to the warships and merchant ships of all nations.

(3). Judicial capitulations are abolished, and foreigners in Turkey must live under Turkish law, except that foreign legal advisers will be empowered to receive complaints relating to arrest and imprisonment of foreigners.

(4). Peace is declared between Greece and Turkey.

(5). Constantinople goes back definitely to Turkey, and all foreign troops will be withdrawn.

(6). The size of Turkey is reduced by the formal detaching of mandated States including Syria, Mesopotamia, and Palestine.

(7). Eastern Thrace is restored to Turkey, making Turkey once more a European nation on a footing of equality.

(8). The Ottoman tariff, inaugurated in 1916, is to be multiplied by a coefficient corresponding to the depreciation of the Turkish currency.

(9). The Patriarch of the Greek Orthodox Church is to be permitted to remain in Constantinople.

(10). Greeks in Turkey and Turks in Greece are to be exchanged, to render each country homogeneous as rapidly as possible.

(11). The Armenian problem is not solved, and Armenians must leave Turkey.

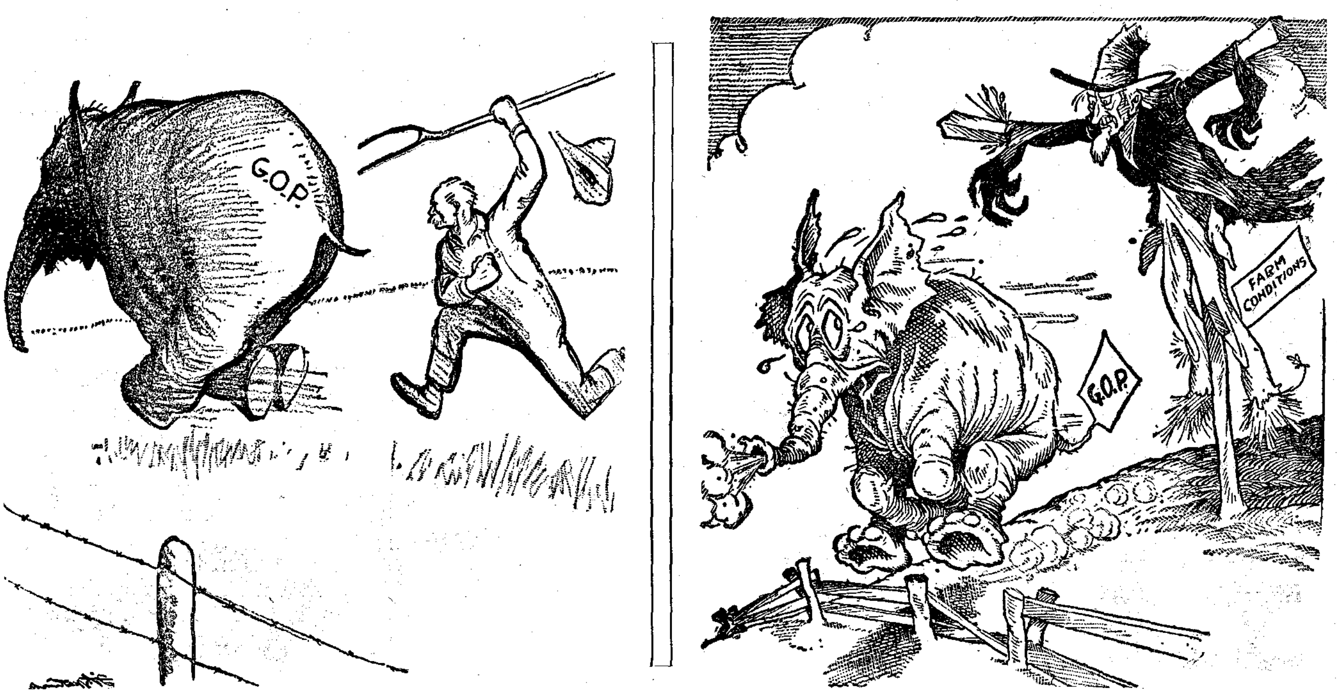
In addition to the general treaty is a convention setting up the régime for the Turkish Straits, to which Russia and Bulgaria adhere, and a separate agreement on the frontiers of Thrace. There are also commercial and amnesty accords, besides protocols on concessions, minorities and judicial safeguards for foreigners, and documents by which Belgium and Portugal adhere to certain parts of the treaty.

From Constantinople, Clarence K. Street cables to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* that to the Turkish mind the treaty appears as a great victory, and mentions another provision not elsewhere widely reported:

> "Under the terms of the new treaty, instead of paying reparations, the Turks are the only ones to receive them, and the Allies themselves pay the chief cost of their occupation, getting a paltry 12,000,000 gold pounds—not from the Turks, but from the loans Germany and Austria gave at one time to the 'Sick Man of Europe.' The Powers thus pay most of the cost of the 'Sick Man's' part in the war, and the Lausanne Treaty absolves Angora from the necessity of repaying them. Thus, while all the Allies are loaded with war debts, Turkey, after nine years of fighting, has only to pay her trifling internal war loans."

It is notoriously perilous for America to sign a European treaty, slyly remarks the New York *Times*. The United States did not sign the Lausanne Treaty. At the time of going to press, the special arrangements between Turkey and America had not yet been concluded. Altho unofficial reports indicate that obstacles had arisen between Ismet Pasha and Joseph C. Grew (representing our State Department), according to a Washington dispatch in the New York *Journal of Commerce*, no serious trouble is expected. According to a Turkish report from Lausanne, in the same paper, the Americans are asking for more judicial safeguards in Turkey than are accorded to other foreigners in the treaty. That is to say, they seek an extension of the powers of the foreign legal advisers established in lieu of the capitulations system. After the tremendous influence heretofore played by Mr. Grew, there must be a change, observes *The Times*.

With regard to the results as a whole, "*rebus sic stantibus*," observes this same paper, meaning doubtless "let it go as it is, but look out for us later," as being the motto with which everyone has signed the treaty.



THE EMBATTLED FARMER
—Fitzpatrick in the New York *World*.

THE GOBLIN
—Talburt in the Cincinnati *Post*.

NO REST FOR BOLIVAR

THE WHEAT-BELT REBELLION

THE RADICAL POLITICAL TWISTER in Minnesota has passed on, leaving Magnus Johnson high and dry in the Senate and the wreckage of the Republican and Democratic machines of the State in its wake, with the result that seasoned politicians in Washington are looking forward, we are told by Robert T. Small in the Rochester *Herald*, "to the most chaotic Presidential campaign the country has ever known." "The Minnesota election is what may be called part of an agrarian revolt," believes Senator Moses, of New Hampshire, chairman of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee, who sees "disaster if this move spreads." Moreover, this Republican Senator believes, after first-hand observations in the Middle West during the Johnson-Preus campaign, "the revolt will spread like smallpox into at least five other adjacent States," and one of its results will be "a formidable third party" in the coming campaign.

Already, reports a Wichita correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, "discontent is general throughout the Middle West, but in Kansas it seems to be a lap or two ahead of Minnesota." "Low farm prices" is given as the main cause, "and the business men in the smaller communities, whose trade has been 'shot to pieces' by curtailed purchasing power, are in the same humor as the farmers." "No one can tell what may happen before this movement is halted," observes Representative Wood, of Indiana, chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, who agrees with Senator Moses that the political revolt fanned into flame by the Johnson victory will spread over the Central West. Senator Watson, Republican, of Indiana, and a personal friend of President Harding, even admits that "the success of the Republican party at the next election will be seriously in doubt," and Senator Brookhart, Republican, of Iowa, goes so far as to predict that "if President Harding is renominated, and if the Democrats select a conservative, there will be a third party in the field, headed by Senator La Follette." Negotiations already are under way in Minnesota, says a St. Paul dispatch to the New York *American*, "looking to a consolidation of the Farmer-Labor and Democratic parties in a determined effort to wipe the Republican party off the map in Minnesota."

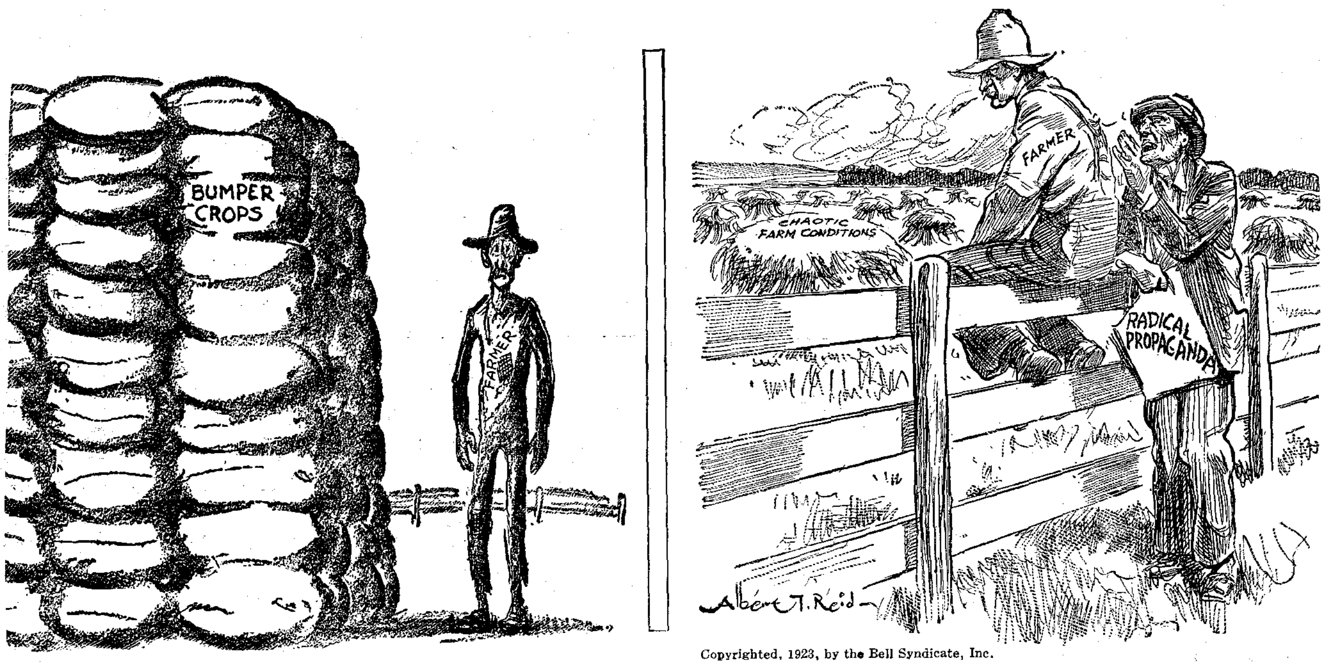
While Senator Moses, in his pilgrimage, found much of the discontent due to the low price of wheat, he also ascribes much of the farmers' troubles to taxation, for which he finds the State, county, and municipal authorities largely to blame. Said the Senator on his return to Washington:

> "I can't help thinking this dissatisfaction is going to spread. I was in five States in the West and I talked to a great many people. My conclusion is that we have not heard the last of this thing by a long shot. In the territory that's likely to be affected by this movement the Republicans next year will have to fight for Senate seats in Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Oregon, Minnesota, Nebraska, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Montana and Wyoming. All of these seats, except one in Montana, are held by sitting Republicans. It does not take any very gifted mathematician to see how readily we can meet disaster if this move spreads."

Not a few editors, however, intimate that the Moses statement is not as ingenuous as it sounds; that, in fact, it is nothing more nor less than an ingenious way of bringing one Hiram Johnson to the front as a Presidential candidate—or of keeping him there since his New York speech—altho the Chicago *Post* (Rep.), considers this remedy "almost as desperate as the disease." "Apart from his hallucinations about the League of Nations and the World Court, Senator Moses is often a wise old bird," notes the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.), which wonders if the Senator's statement is "an effort to discourage Mr. Harding and force him out of the race." This likewise is the suspicion of the Republican South Bend *Tribune* and the Democratic Brooklyn *Eagle*. Says the Brooklyn paper:

> "If Republican fortunes are in danger after one term of Warren G. Harding, and if Senator La Follette is becoming ever more powerful, might it not be conceived that some excellent Republican knight, other than Mr. Harding, should take the field? This is a fair conclusion to Mr. Moses's unfinished syllogism. Where could such a man be found if not in California; if not in the person of Hiram Johnson?"

Even if Senator Moses kills two birds with one stone—and keeps the stone—no editor, Republican or Democratic, denies, as the Independent Democratic New York *World* puts it, that "the Minnesota volcano spouted a tide of political lava which has already overflowed State boundaries and is becoming a



WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

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THE DEVIL'S VOICE
—Reid for the Bell Syndicate, Inc.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

national problem." "The Johnson victory is just as local as the United States," avers the Independent Detroit *News;* "it is something more important and significant of these times than the political regular who laughs at it." "The dissatisfaction with the Harding Administration is deep-seated and wide-spread among agriculturists, particularly in the wheat-belt," agrees the neighboring *Free Press* (Ind.), and, as W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times*, points out:

"With Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska, and possibly Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois in danger of deserting the Republican party, no Republican candidate for the Presidency can win.

"Mr. Harding will run for reelection in a radical year as a conservative; not of the old school but of the new. He is committed to the Fordney-McCumber tariff law, and yet the Republican farmers of the States named have turned almost solidly against it. In addition, they will be against any constructive railroad program he may propose.

"Obviously, things would straighten themselves out if agriculture were to make a recovery between now and the fall of next year. The unanimous opinion of the greatest experts of the country, however, is that there will be no recovery in that time.

"The proceedings of the next session of Congress will probably be more interesting from a straight news standpoint than those of any session for a long time. The radicals, still claiming to be Republicans, but seeking in every way possible to destroy that party, will have so much more than the balance of power that they will be in a position to dictate terms to both Republicans and Democrats.

"One of the possibilities of a situation that has had no parallel in American legislative history since the Civil War may be a frequent use of the veto power, with a Senate majority—Republicans and Democrats—sustaining it."

Robert T. Small, another experienced Washington political correspondent, expects not a third, but a fourth ticket in next year's race. As he writes in the New York *Evening World* (Ind. Dem.):

"Aside from the Socialists, the Prohibitionists and other minor parties which persist in putting tickets in the field every four years despite the discouragement of dwindling ballots, the Presidential race next year will be made up as follows: Straight Republican; straight Democratic; Henry Ford on an independent ticket; La Follette or some equally dependable radical on a Farmer-Labor or protest ticket.

"Of course there is going to be a fight to reduce the number of major tickets to two. The backers of Henry Ford are going to attempt to capture the Democratic nomination, and the radical group from the Northwest will make a bold bid to defeat President Harding in the Republican convention. The Ford organizers rather like the idea of an independent run. They believe Ford would attract more votes as an independent than as the nominee of a regular party.

"It is not believed now that either of these two raids will be successful. The Farmer-Labor radicals of the Northwest do not regard Hiram Johnson as one of them, and even if he could wrest the regular Republican nomination from Mr. Harding, it is not likely that such an outcome would put a stop to the Farmer-Labor plans."

But, counters a "prominent Republican Senator," interviewed by the New York *Herald's* Washington correspondent:

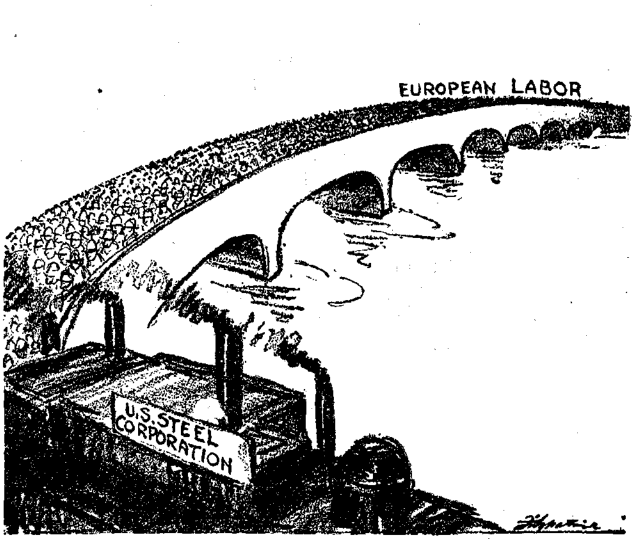
"If eight or ten Senators, led by La Follette, have it within their power to block any legislation which the Administration may propose, certainly the fifty Senators on the Republican side can block any proposals made by the radical group."

Moreover, not every editor sees in the "agrarian revolt" predicted by Senator Moses and others the portentous event that others believe it to be. "In the dog-days," we are reminded by the Philadelphia Independent *Public Ledger*, "the half-blind skin-shedding rattler strikes at every sound and shadow. In the mood of the rattler, the farmer is striking at everything that moves." "In the farmers' revolt of the moment we do not see a new thing," points out the Chicago *Daily News* (Ind.). "We merely see more of the same thing that is threaded all through the nation's history." Without, as it says, any disposition to underestimate in any way the significance of the Minnesota election, the Philadelphia *Record* (Dem.) reminds us that "such elections have happened before, and while they leave their mark upon the Government, they do not change it in any of its great essentials." Finally, remarks the Republican Chicago *Tribune*, in the course of a conservative editorial:

"Third parties usually do not succeed in doing more than defeating the major party from which they break away, but it is to be noted of the agrarian radicals that they are not spread as a minority throughout the country, but are compactly organized in a section. The agricultural party might carry its section and yet not disturb the normal political action elsewhere."

GOMPERS AFTER GARY'S MEN

THE COMING BATTLE between the two strongest organizations in our industrial world, the Steel Corporation and the Federation of Labor, led by E. H. Gary and Samuel Gompers, both over the Scriptural age-limit of three-score-and-ten, and centering around the demand for ending the twelve-hour day, now injects a new and potent element into the hours controversy, and may affect steel prices, steel supply, and the whole aspect of our industrial situation. Previous efforts to unionize the Steel Corporation have ended disastrously, but this one will take advantage of the popular demand for a shorter workday, and Washington dispatches report that William J. Hannon, secretary of the Federation's committee to unionize the steel industry, will continue the new campaign even if the twelve-hour day is abolished by Mr. Gary and his associates. Moreover, William Z. Foster, of 1919 steel strike fame, will not have a finger in the Gompers-Hannon pie, altho the program will follow out the one initiated in 1919. In other words, the Federation will cooperate with the sixteen unions which have jurisdiction over the different classes of workers.



WHEN THE TWELVE-HOUR DAY WILL END

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

On July 15, four days after President Gompers had declared that the Federation soon would begin its drive, Mr. Gary announced for the steel interests that a start would be made within six weeks in substituting three shifts of eight hours each for two twelve-hour shifts in the steel plants of the nation. Continued Mr. Gary:

> "Just when the twelve-hour day will be substantially, and I hope entirely, eliminated in the steel industry can not be stated with certainty. But it can be said that efforts to get rid of the twelve-hour day will be very promptly made and that good progress will result and perfect success be reached within a comparatively short time, provided the increases in the number of workmen which now seem apparent continue."

According to John J. Leary, industrial correspondent of the New York *World*, this change will not be without its complications, for the wages of the twelve-hour men will be affected, and presumably the wages of the ten-hour men will be increased. With some 60,000 men added to the pay-roll to make up three shifts where there have been two, the increase in the pay-roll, we are told, will add to the cost of iron and steel, and this in turn will be reflected in higher prices. Mr. Gary sets the amount of increase that may be expected at 15 per cent., and this, agree Mr. Leary and Harold A. Littledale, who writes in the New York *Evening Post*, will be passed down into the cost of living.

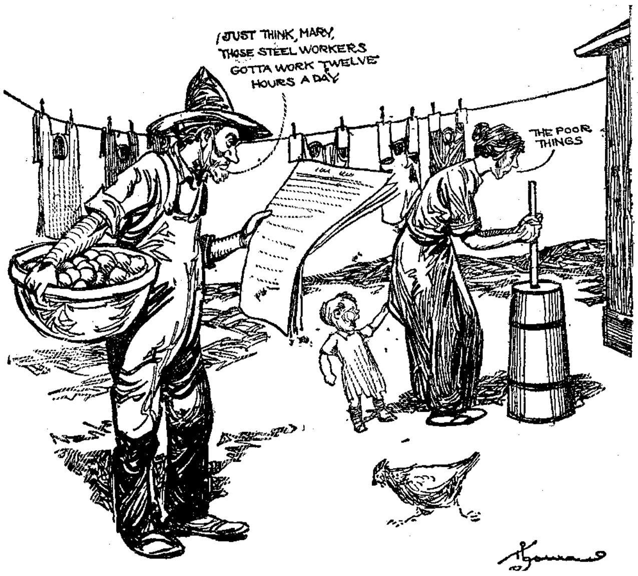
It is evident to the New York *World* that "while Mr. Gary's pledge to abolish the twelve-hour day is far from definite, he has had a change of mind or heart since writing to President Harding late in June that the change could be made as soon as a surplus of labor was available. There has been no perceptible variation in the supply of labor since June, yet the Steel Corporation's stage is now set for the eight-hour experiment." Continues *The World:*

> "Mr. Gary at first held the twelve-hour shift to be essential in a steel plant. Then he decided that, altho the eight-hour shift would work as a substitute, there were not enough laborers available. Now he concedes that even the labor shortage is *not* an insurmountable obstacle."

Of Mr. Gary's July 15th statement regarding the elimination of the twelve-hour day, Mr. Hannon, in charge of the unionization campaign, says:

> "It is a remarkable coincidence that the steel trust should make this known just as we are making headway with our organization campaign. Not only popular opinion but political pressure is forcing Judge Gary to change his views, for his present attitude seems to be quite different from that he exprest at the meeting in May of the American Iron and Steel Institute.
>
> "If the twelve-hour day is abolished within six weeks or six months by the Steel Corporation, it will be due to the efforts of labor and to an aroused public opinion which became articulate with the publishing of the Interchurch World Movement report after the last steel strike. We will not cease our efforts to organize the steel industry even when the eight-hour day is established there, as in other industries, for to attract American labor it is also necessary to pay an adequate wage."

Now that the end of the twelve-hour day in the steel industry appears to be in sight, editors the country over cease writing editorials for and against the movement to abolish it, and call attention to the colored gentleman in the woodpile in the form of a 15 per cent. increase in the cost of steel, which Mr. Gary predicts will be the result of the shift in shifts. "The steel men may have become public-spirited all of a sudden, but in the end the public will pay," maintains the Buffalo *News*, while the Grand Rapids *Press* is sure that Mr. Gary in the face of testimony offered by the president of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, "will find it hard to convince the nation that any substantial rise in the cost of steel would be justified by the change in work-

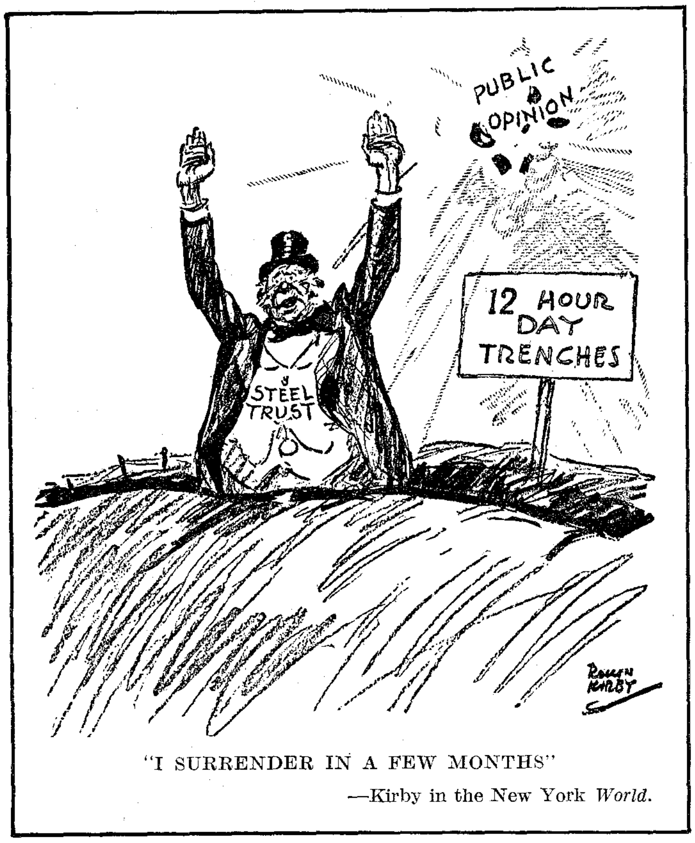

JUST THINK, MARY, THOSE STEEL WORKERS GOTTA WORK TWELVE HOURS A DAY
THE POOR THINGS

THE FARMER'S WIFE KNOWS

—Thomas in the Detroit *News.*

ing hours." Upon the request of employees the Colorado concern changed from a twelve-hour to an eight-hour shift, at the same time increasing by 10 per cent. the hourly, tonnage, and piecework rates for labor. According to the president's report—

"The immediate results, from the standpoint of production per man per hour, and of labor cost per unit of output, were satisfactory, and where conditions have been comparable, it has been evident that we have lost nothing either in producing cost or output by reason of the change.



"I SURRENDER IN A FEW MONTHS"

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

"At blast furnaces the labor cost per ton, immediately following the introduction of the eight-hour day with the increase of 10 per cent. in wage rates, increased slightly over 1 per cent. above former costs. At open-hearth furnaces it increased 1½ per cent.; while at our rolling-mills there was a substantial reduction in the labor cost per ton."

Moreover, we are told by the Adrian *Telegram:*

"Michigan people do not have to go so far away for information on the subject. On the banks of the River Rouge, just outside the city of Detroit, Mr. Ford is operating blast furnaces on an eight-hour day and forty-eight-hour week schedule. Ford formerly bought steel from the Steel Corporation. He says he is now making his own at a considerable saving. Ford pays his day laborers 75 cents an hour for the short day. The same class of wage-earners in the United States Steel furnaces are said to be getting 30 to 40 cents an hour for the long day."

Still other editors disagree with Mr. Gary's hints of a labor shortage. "There is lots of labor, but not of the sort that Mr. Gary sought through unlimited immigration at 30 cents an hour," asserts the Providence *News*, "and there will be no trouble in getting labor at a decent wage." "The abolition of the twelve-hour day need not wait on an additional supply of labor," agrees the Birmingham *Age-Herald*, while the Tacoma *Ledger* observes:

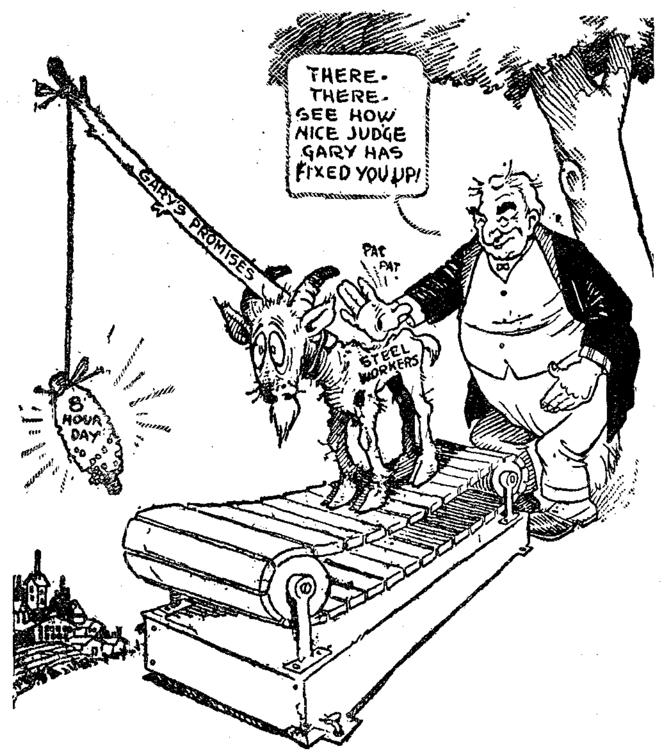
"If the Steel Corporation or any other steel concern will advertise the fact that it has gone upon the eight-hour basis and that it is in the market for 60,000 workers, there is not the slightest doubt of its ability to secure them. The principal objection to work in the steel plants has been the inordinate length of the working day. If the steel industry will pay reasonable wages and work its men reasonable hours, the matter of labor supply will solve itself without admitting to this country a swarm of cheap labor of the most undesirable class."

The Syracuse *Post-Standard* calls attention to still another possibility:

"A shorter working day will cause a shortage in laborers in the steel mills. But there is a surplus of miners to be drawn upon. In coal-mining the difficulty which leads to repeated strikes and repeated advances in price is an excess of 200,000 workers. If steel takes the surplus miners it will not only meet the problem which its shorter day in the mills imposes, but it will contribute to the solution of the labor problem at the mines. The nub of that problem is that the miners work only 200 or 250 days a year. A shorter working day in steel. A longer working year in coal. The two reforms may come together."

There are many reasons why Mr. Gompers and Mr. Hannon chose the present as the psychological moment for another drive to unionize the steel industry. There is full employment in the industry, with large orders ahead, points out the Springfield *Republican*. The French occupation of the Ruhr Valley has greatly decreased steel and iron production in that district, so that European orders are filled in this country, we are reminded by the Chicago *Tribune*. "The labor men also found that they would have an advantage if they undertook their fight at a time when much uncomplimentary publicity was aimed at the steel companies," notes the Jersey City *Journal*. But "Canny Sam" Gompers is credited with another reason for the present campaign, by the Baltimore *Sun*. As this paper puts it:

"The last great effort to organize the steel workers and secure the eight-hour day was led by William Z. Foster, and it failed. Foster and his fellow-radicals are about the only thorn which troubles the stout epidermis of Mr. Gompers. The best way to soothe the irritation which their unceasing efforts to overthrow his power cause him would be to succeed where they have failed. So, with the omens propitious, the new drive to establish trade unionism in territory sacred to the steel barons is launched."


THERE-THERE-SEE HOW NICE JUDGE GARY HAS FIXED YOU UP!
GARY'S PROMISES
PAT PAT
STEEL WORKERS
8 HOUR DAY

TRY TO GET IT!

—Talburt in the Cincinnati *Post*.

There are a few editors, however, who refrain from jumping on the Steel Corporation. The Philadelphia *Record*, for instance, reminds us that "the Steel Corporation, followed by the other steel concerns, increased wages a year ago while the coal strike and the railway shopmen's strike against wage reductions were going on." *The Manufacturers Record*, of Baltimore, hopes the steel operators will fight the Gompers-Hannon movement "as vigorously and as successfully as in the past." For:

> "There is a spirit abroad in this land to-day of subservience to this radical labor unionism which bodes ill for the future. The Soviet influences of Russia are seeking to Bolshevize this country and he is indeed a fool or blind to the facts who does not realize what is going on. We can not afford to wait until the hosts of unionism have throttled independence."

In the New York *Sun's* opinion:

> "It is clear enough even to many who hate the idea of a twelve-hour day and approve of collective bargaining that the present is not the psychological time for another steel strike. Judge Gary and his associates may not intend to do anything effective about the eight-hour day. Still, in decency they deserve a little time in which to prove their sincerity—or hang themselves. Instead, Mr. Gompers, at a time when the voluntary granting of the eight-hour day is at least a possibility, proposes to take the one sure way to make it an impossibility. This is not considerate of the public, which helps pay for strikes, or of the workers, who suffer acutely during them. It has the appearance of a hasty dash on the part of labor leaders to make sure that owners in the steel industry shall do nothing decent."

REBUSTING A TRIPLE TRUST

AN OINTMENT FOR THE FARMER'S SORE TOE is what the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* sees in Attorney-General Daugherty's latest attempt to dissolve the International Harvester Company. In the days when the "Harvester Trust" was the farmer's "pet grievance" it might, thinks the paper, have served a more useful political purpose than now when his world is "full of enemies." But now, peevish as he is, this belated effort will have "no thrills for him." The case has been in and out of the courts for eleven years, it seems. The original petition, we learn from a statement given out to the papers by the Department of Justice, was filed in the District of Minnesota in 1912 and was specifically directed against the merger into the main concern in 1902 of several companies among which were: The McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, the Deering Company, the Plano Manufacturing Company, the Warder, Bushnell & Glessner Company (manufacturing the Champion line of machines), the Milwaukee Harvester Company and D. M. Osborne & Co. In August, 1914, we learn, the company was adjudged a monopoly "illegal under the Sherman law," and a long series of appeals culminated in 1918 when the case was transferred from the Supreme Court back to the District Court for the "working out of a plan of dissolution." On November 2, 1918, a final decree was entered "requiring the defendants to sell and dispose of the Osborne, Champion and Milwaukee lines of harvesting machines and the Osborne and Champion plants." However, this does not seem to have settled the matter, for on May 4, 1920, the Federal Trade Commission, acting on a resolution of the United States Senate, recommended that the suit be reopened and that the business and assets of the International company be divided into three corporations. Among the reasons given was that the brands sold had been of such little importance that the Harvester Company still dominated the industry.

It is along the lines of this recommendation, as the papers note, that the petition of Attorney-General Daugherty, filed under the anti-trust law in the Federal District Court at St. Paul, would divide the Harvester Corporation into three companies with wholly separate owners, stockholders and managers, handling separate lines as follows, to quote from the Washington Bureau of the New York *Journal of Commerce:*

> "Implement Company A—Deering, Milwaukee; Osborne Tillage, Plano, Keystone, Chattanooga, Chatham (Canada), Lubertzy (Russia) and Croix (France).
>
> "Implement Company B—McCormick, McCormick Tractor, Akron, Weber, Parlin and Orendorff, St. Paul, Hamilton (Canada), Neuss (Germany) and Norrkoping (Sweden).
>
> "Steel Company—Steel works, ore mines and coal mines.
>
> "The petition filed to-day, which was supplemental to the original proceedings, was directed against the International Harvester Company, International Harvester Company of America, International Flax Twine Company, Wisconsin Steel Company, Wisconsin Lumber Company, Illinois Northern Railway, the Chicago, West Pullman & Southern Railroad Company and the officers and directors of such companies."

A feature of the wording as reported in this and other papers is the allegation that the company as at present successfully functioning would eventually "deprive the farmers of the United States of free and open competition in the manufacture and sale of harvesting machines." To this, Alexander Legge, President of the International Harvester Company, at once replied:

> "As we understand it, the present petition does not charge the company with unduly raising the price of harvesting machinery to the grave injury of the American farmer, as was charged in 1912, but it does charge that the company has been unduly depressing the price of harvesting machinery, particularly since 1920, to the injury of its competitors."

This way of looking at the matter prompts the Birmingham *News* to ask:

> "If, by efficient organization and economies of production, a necessity, such as is farm machinery, can be produced and sold at lower prices than other manufacturers can produce the same goods, when has that become a crime and illegal, and are not the farmers themselves the beneficiaries? Why does not the Attorney-General attack Mr. Henry Ford, who seems to have brought organization and production to the *n*th power, and as a result is able to sell a very necessary article at a very low price?"

The same point of view is evident to the Baltimore *Sun* as well as to the Dallas *News*, which remarks:

> "It is possible that the need to accommodate the deprest state of agriculture has enforced economies in selling that only the Harvester Company and a few of its larger competitors were capable of. It would be an ironic commentary on our anti-trust philosophy if, that being true, the fact should be accepted as proof that the Sherman Act has been violated."

The whole question of the efficiency of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law is called in question by papers as far asunder as the Denver *Rocky Mountain News*, Fargo *Tribune*, St. Joseph *News-Press*, and New York *American*, on the ground that chopping up similar combinations in the past does not seem to have restored the original competitive conditions in oil or tobacco. *The News Press* lays this to lack of "new and intelligent legislation on the subject," while *The Rocky Mountain News*, dubious of further "trust busting," remarks that "competition in the old accepted sense is considered a relic of a dead age." The New York *Sun and Globe*, remarking on an apparent change of public attitude toward the "complete survival of the big trust," concludes:

> "Naturally public friendliness toward big organizations in industry will depend upon the behavior of big organizations. But this is already under governmental supervision in many respects, and it may, if necessary, be more under supervision than it is. The large unit need not be the tyrannical unit. And the facts indicate that so long as its operation is decent its existence is likely to be in line with the logical economic growth of the nation."

On the other hand, while admitting that the International Harvester Company has proved to the Government a "tough nut" in the past, the Boston *Post*, voicing the sentiments of a great many other papers, West and East, feels that:

> "If the farmer can, by enforcing more competition, be benefited, the Government is justified in breaking the trust into smaller units."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

HOSPITAL statistics suggest that too many put the quart before the hearse.—*Washington Post.*

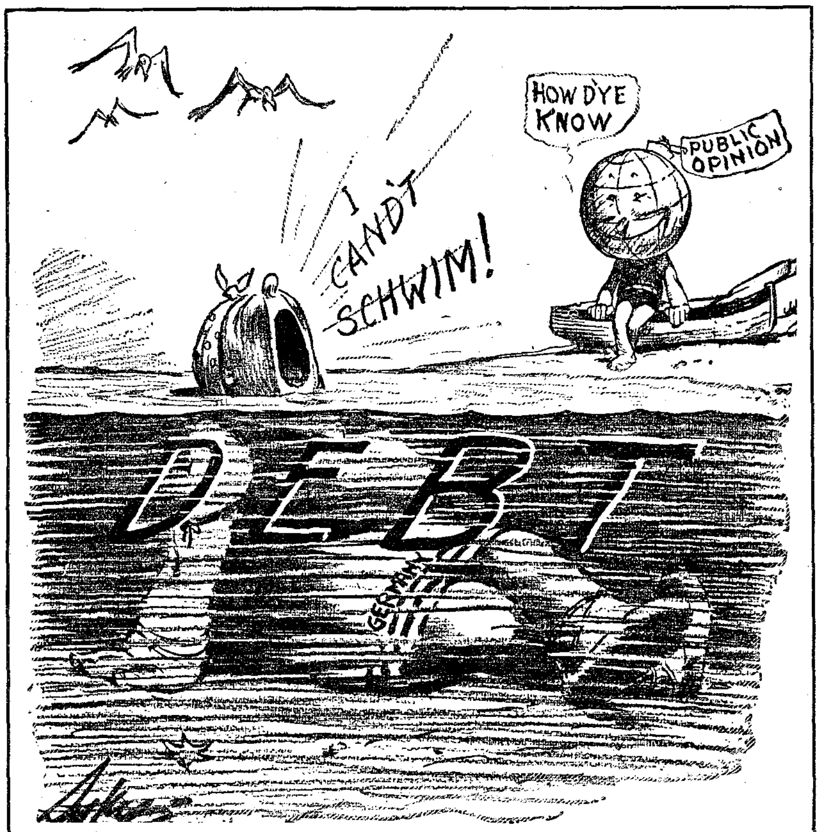
FRANCE could handle her enemies alone now, if she had somebody to handle her friends.—*Sharon Herald.*

EVIDENTLY those scientists who told us the sun was losing its heat meant loosing.—*Orange* (*Texas*) *Leader.*

THE success of Prohibition is something that every citizen can arrange for himself.—*Tacoma Daily Ledger.*

EVERY time the Allies look at their bank accounts, they decide that this is not the time to quarrel.—*Des Moines Register.*

IT'S going to be hard to interest American labor unions in Sovietism so long as carpenters in Russia are getting only 50 cents per day.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*



OLD STUFF

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger.*

FRANCE can't let go of the bear.—*Detroit News.*

FOREIGN nations seem to regard a dry ship as a hardship. — *Washington Post.*

Q. Where is the capital of Montana? Ans. Dempsey has it.—*Bottsville Journal.*

"SOCIAL unrest" is the uneasy feeling that you might get a little more if you would howl a little louder.—*Eugene Daily Guard.*

IT is either a "horde" of aliens or a mere trickle, depending on whether you are holding down a job or needing cheap labor.—*Baltimore Sun.*

PREMIER POINCARE apparently believes the chief worrying over Germany's financial condition ought to be done in Germany. — *Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph*

FARMERS find they have raised too much wheat this year. Well, they had to plant something in the old rye field.—*New York Tribune.*

THE only things further apart than East and West are German and French statisticians.—*Calgary Herald.*

THE next time Shelby, Montana, wants a little advertising, she will hold a religious revival.—*New York Tribune.*

THE fellow we pity in the event of Mr. Ford's election is the dramatic critic who has to go to vaudeville performances.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

THE League issue may be as dead as slavery, but men don't think it necessary to keep saying that the slavery issue is dead.—*Memphis News-Scimitar.*

COLLEGES teach men much more than Mr. Edison thinks. A lot of graduates have been offered major-league contracts.—*Associated Editors* (*Chicago*).

THE country is becoming much more prosperous. Every pig you run over on a country road is a registered thoroughbred worth $75.—*Bethlehem Globe.*

THE Pollyanna prize for 1923 goes to John T. Adams, Republican national chairman, for his statement calling attention to the poor showing made by the Democrats in the Minnesota election. —*Chicago Daily News.*

FORD would be the appropriate candidate for a middle-of-the-road party.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

DR. BARRETT says failure to live to 75 is going to be a crime. Punished with death, too.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

IF none of us worried any more about our debts than Germany does, there'd be no gray hairs before seventy.—*Wichita Eagle.*

PROHIBITION would be an issue in 1924 all right if either party could get the other to take the wet end of it.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

As a place to spend Sunday the church may have some disadvantages, but it never turns turtle.—*Richmond News Leader.*

SECRETARY MELLON was made a "doctor of laws." Income tax and Volstead laws, we suppose, as they are changed from day to day by his rulings.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

PRESIDENTIAL timber is mostly bark.—*Judge* (*New York*).

MANY June husbands are forgetting how to drive with one hand.—*Vancouver World.*

ABOUT the only nation that seems to have any influence in the matter of German reparations is procrastination.—*Portland Telegram.*

STATES should be able to get along with smaller institutions for the feeble-minded now that so many of that class are behind steering-wheels. —*Medford Mail-Tribune.*

THOSE who complain about the accommodations at Ellis Island seem to overlook that those who make use of them do it voluntarily. The United States does not insist on immigrants.—*Pittsburgh Gazette Times.*

WE can now understand why Dempsey didn't fight during the war. Uncle Sam didn't offer to pay enough.—*Des Moines Register.*

THE Ford boom is like the Ford car. It is always in the way of the big machines.—*New York Tribune.*

OREGON folks are all at sea because army worms are eating up all their navy beans.—*St. Petersburg Independent.*

WHAT would happen to this country if all its citizens had no higher conception of liberty than freedom to get drunk?—*Greenville Piedmont.*

IF some of the politicians who feel "called" only knew what they were being called, what a happy country we should be!—*Judge* (*New York*).

JUST when we began to think the human race is becoming more intelligent, another song of that kind makes a hit.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

STATISTICS show 75 per cent. of the arms lost in the World War were left arms. That makes 75 per cent. of right arms left arms. —*Greenville Piedmont.*

IT may be only a coincidence, but many negroes who left the South for the North and West with the expectation of better jobs and better food, are making their way back as the watermelon season is opening up.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

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WHERE BRITAIN WILL PLANT A GREAT NAVAL BASE IN THE PACIFIC

The British plan to spend £11,000,000 during the next ten years in constructing a great dock-yard and graving-docks for large navy craft at Singapore is criticized by some as the start of a new race in naval armaments.

BRITAIN'S "CHECK" ON JAPAN

"THE ONLY JUSTIFICATION for the Singapore naval base is the possibility, however remote, of war with Japan," declared Viscount Grey in the House of Lords in answer to a question whether the new naval base was aimed at Japan or at the United States. The subject came up in a debate on expenditure for Britain's Air Force and her Navy, we learn from the press, which quote Lord Grey as having said that "essential as this expenditure is, it is the beginning of a new competition which will inevitably lead to another war, worse than the last, and from which European civilization will not recover." Lord Grey became more explicit when he added that "if such a war did occur, it would be a race conflict, in which the United States and the British Empire would be engaged on the same side." Meanwhile he urged the Government to take all possible steps for the international limitation of armaments, and gave it as his opinion that limitation can be effected "only through the League of Nations."

An indication of the official Japanese attitude is afforded in Tokyo press dispatches which report Count Uchida, Japan's Foreign Minister, as saying that the British plan can be justified in view of the abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance; yet he states in an interview that the plan conflicts in many ways with the spirit of the Washington Treaty. Nevertheless, he says, Japan regards it as a British affair in which she can not interfere. Count Uchida is quoted also as saying that no Anglo-Japanese situation calls for such an extensive undertaking as the Singapore base, tho he points out that the agitation against it was started by British statesmen, like Lord Grey, and not by the Japanese. Admiral Takarabe, Minister of the Japanese Navy, is cited in these Tokyo dispatches as saying that Great Britain favored the project before the Washington Conference was opened and that the naval experts of the Powers concerned were cognizant of the existence of the plan. According to this Japanese admiral, Japan must now look to her national defense, because Singapore is only two days' steaming from Formosa.

In the House of Commons, we learn from London press dispatches, it was charged, in a combined Liberal and Labor attack on the project, that the Singapore naval base violates the spirit of the Washington treaties, and also will inaugurate a new race of armaments. These dispatches relate also:

> "An effort to pass a vote of disapproval was defeated, 217 to 130, following a defense by Mr. Amery, First Lord of the Admiralty. He denied the suggestion by George Lambert, Liberal for Devonshire, that the Singapore base was a threat against Japan, and said that Singapore was outside of the zone defined in the Washington treaties, and that the United States and Japan were now spending $10,000,000 in improving their defense. He insisted that it had been perfectly understood at Washington that England retained full freedom of action regarding Singapore."

We read in the London *Daily Mail* that the Admiralty's proposal to spend £11,000,000 during the next ten years in constructing a great dock-yard and graving-docks for large ships at Singapore is being severely criticized. It is pointed out, according to this daily, that the project might well be allowed to wait in view of the oppressive character of taxation in England; and Admiral Sir Percy Scott published a letter in this newspaper in which he attacked the proposal on the ground that the battle-ship is obsolete. Sir Percy Scott's objections are severely scored by the London *Saturday Review*, which believes the development of Singapore is "dictated by the soundest strategy," and observes:

> "The Admiralty, unlike their critics, appreciate that an improvement in airplane design is not the late war's only legacy. From the naval point of view the war may be said to have reproduced the political situation of the year 1900. Ten years ago the disposition of our naval forces was dictated by the maritime strength of Germany and by the Anglo-Japanese Treaty. To-day, neither the German Navy nor the treaty exists, and we

have no choice but to return to the dispositions which obtained when the present century opened. There are some who consider that the maintenance of a fleet in the Far East is provocative to Japan, and they share with the '*Skibbereen Eagle*' the illusion that nations can be held in check by editorial fulminations. Others, again, while admitting the desirability of a Far-Eastern squadron, deny the necessity for storing and docking facilities nearer at hand than Malta, or else they suggest that the fleet shall carry with it a floating dock, even as an Englishman, according to Americans, travels with his bath."

Adverse critics object also to the provision of shore tanks for the storage of oil because, they maintain, "oilers" can at all times accompany the fleet. To this *The Saturday Review* retorts as follows:

"It may, therefore, be as well to mention that the original cost of a floating-dock is 65 per cent. of that of a graving-dock; that a further 25 per cent. would be expended in towing the dock to its station; that the cost of its upkeep is immeasurably greater than that of a graving-dock and its life little longer than that of a battle-ship. Further, a battle-ship, after a year out of dock, finds her radius of action reduced by 40 per cent., and her loss of speed impairs the tactical efficiency of the whole fleet. Docked at Singapore she need not be out of action for more than a week; but if she were sent to Malta her services would be lost for at least a month. Lastly, the presence of oilers, as Von Spee found, greatly hampers a fleet when in touch with the enemy, and their own consumption of fuel very soon represents a serious depletion of the available supplies.

"Space and political considerations alike forbid the elaboration of local strategical questions. Our aim has been to expose the fallacy of the stock objections raised. But no one who glances at the map and bears in mind our interests in those regions can fail to appreciate the importance of Singapore or its geographical advantages as compared with Hongkong or any port in Australia. Financially, the heart of the Empire may be in London, but the time will come when the possession of Singapore will seem to us essential to our imperial existence."

The London *Daily Telegraph's* naval expert, Archibald Hurd, points out that a naval base at Singapore is necessary because—

"The battle-ship will continue to be the center around which fighting fleets in future will be built up. On that issue there is no difference of opinion among the responsible expert authorities, either in this country, the United States, or Japan. The matter has been repeatedly investigated, and always with the same result.

"Until a first-class naval base is developed at Singapore—there is nowhere else where one could be provided under the Washington Treaty which would satisfy naval strategists—battle-ships can not be despatched to, and maintained in, the Pacific. However grave the situation which might develop in these waters at any future time, the British Navy would be debarred from exercising any such influence on events as it has exercised in the past, before capital ships had reached their present large dimensions, which have been further exaggerated owing to the necessity of providing them with 'bulges' against submarine attack."

Mr. Hurd goes on to say that the minds of the people of Australia and New Zealand, as well as elsewhere in the Dominions, may be "unnecessarily unsettled" by the criticisms of the plan to make Singapore a first-class naval base, and he tells us—

"It has been suggested that this development is being undertaken with the insidious purpose of suggesting to the people of these Dominions that they need battle-ships, and therefore, inferentially, that they should build them. It is not sufficiently well known that under the Washington Naval Treaty all the British Dominions have agreed not to build any capital ships during the 'naval holiday.' In those circumstances, therefore, it must be apparent that the Admiralty entertain no design of tempting the Dominions to embark on the construction of capital ships."

The reception given by the Sydney (Australia) *Sun* to the news that the House of Commons had voted for the establishment of the base by an overwhelming majority, contrasts surprizingly with Mr. Hurd's misgivings about the attitude of the Dominions. This action of the British Parliament "spells security for Australia," according to this daily, which adds:

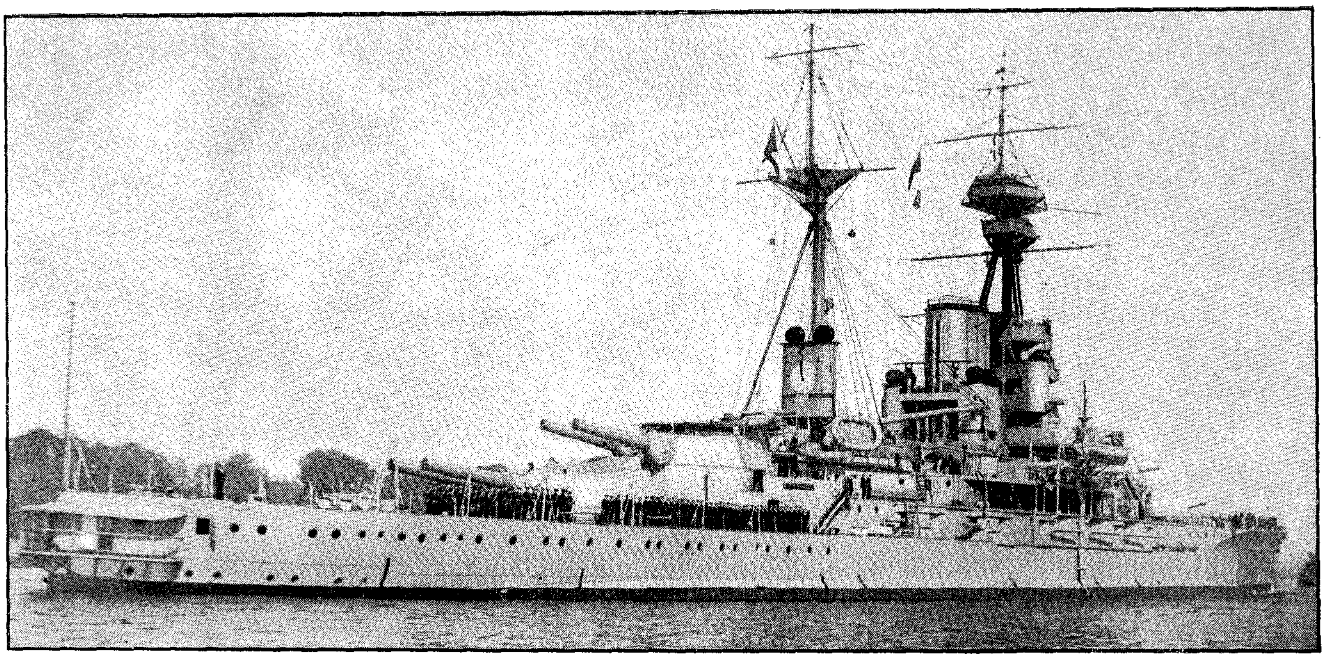
"Now the gateway to the East will be held by a powerful guardian, able to open or close that strategic door, able to flank any Pacific sorties upon Australia.

"With this gift of safety, however, come obligations.

"That England expects this day every Dominion to do its duty—to cease leaning on the British taxpayer—was very obvious in the debate in the Commons. It has been plainly put to us—'What will you contribute? Are you always going to sponge on John Bull?'

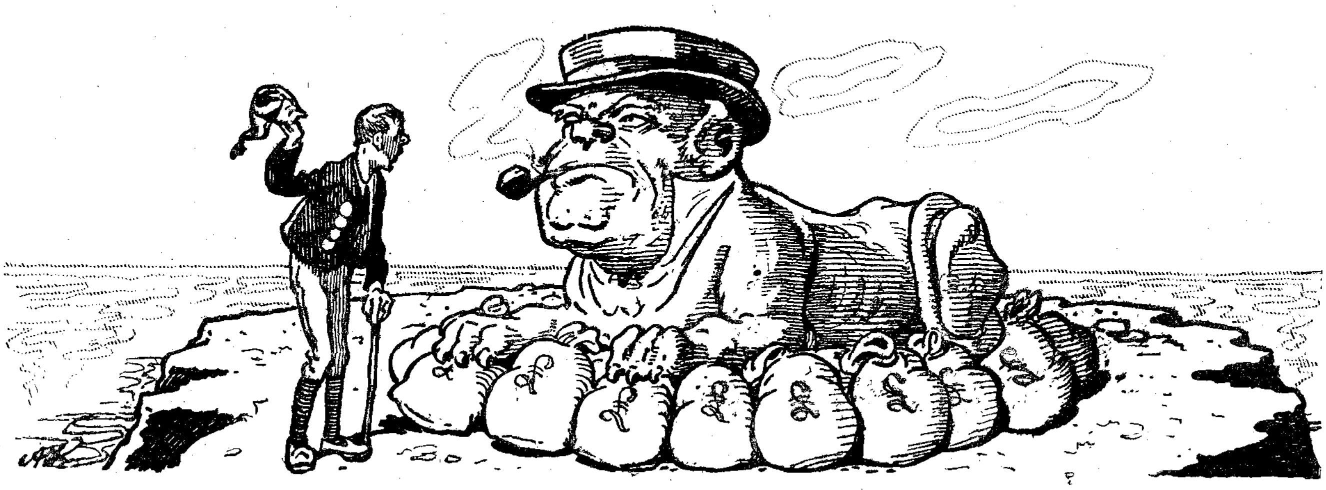
"At the forthcoming Imperial Conference the Prime Minister of Australia must be empowered to offer our insurance premium. We are in common decency bound to contribute to the upkeep of the fleet which will be based on Singapore, and the best way and the most self-respecting way is to build and man our own Australian fleet unit, and pay for its upkeep.

"The amount and method is for the Commonwealth Parliament



A BRITISH BATTLE-SHIP BEAUTY—H. M. S. *REVENGE*

Naval experts point out that the use of battle-ships is first to support lighter craft carrying food supplies; secondly, to protect aircraft carriers; thirdly, to cooperate with the Army in seizing and holding a base from which aerial operations can be carried out against an enemy in distant waters.



ONE GERMAN ANGLE ON BRITAIN

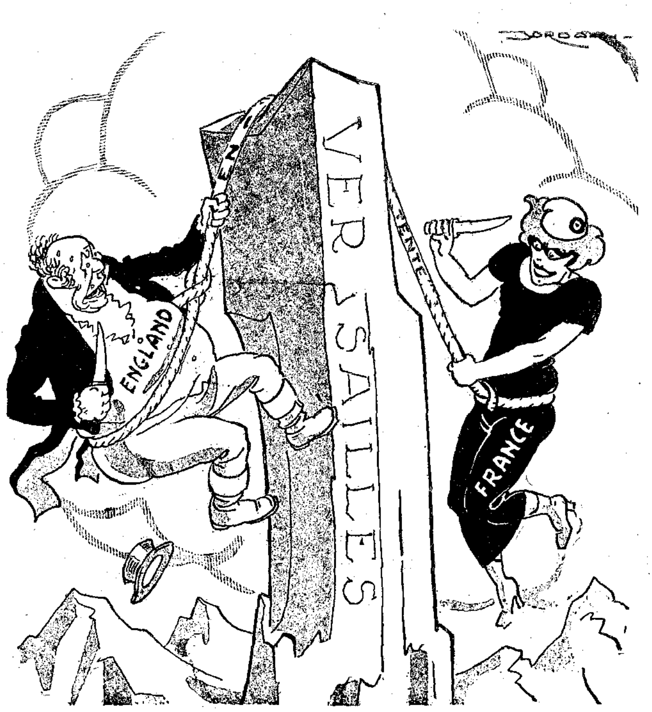
"Tell me, British Sphinx, when will you help Germany?"
"When I can make more out of her happiness than I can out of her needs."

—*Wahre Jakob* (Stuttgart)

to decide; but whatever the cost to us may be, we must not default. The race that reared the Anzacs can not become a race of mendicants and spongers."

The Brisbane *Courier* also expresses approval of the Singapore project, and urges both Australia and New Zealand to cooperate with the Mother Country in the matter of defense. Referring to the preference of members of the Federal Labor party to have the naval base established at Sydney instead of at Singapore, this Brisbane journal observes:

"Britain's policy has always been in favor of deciding its great naval and military struggles within some waters or territory other than her own; and if Australia has to take part in some great war of the future, it is to her interest to keep the fight as far away as possible from her shores. The British Government has chosen Singapore as the central naval base of the Pacific, because it lies within easy striking distance of the great trade routes of the Indian and Pacific Oceans; and any enemy, meditating an attack on the Australian trade routes, would have to meet and defeat the British Fleet that would be guarding those trade routes. So long as that fleet remained in command of the Pacific there would be no danger of any raid on the Australian coastal cities. When the British Government decided to concentrate upon Singapore, and carried its vote recently in the House of Commons, it did so upon the best expert advice. So far the nature of that advice has not been made public, but it may be taken for granted that one of the factors is the desire to save the Australian coastal cities from attack. An enemy would naturally attack the naval base, and if that base were in Sydney Harbor the city itself, as well as its seaborne commerce, would be the very pivot of operations if the fleet, while awaiting reinforcements, were forced back upon its base. Doubtless the Imperial scheme, which is to be essentially cooperative, will provide for an adequate floating dock in Sydney Harbor, and for oil-depots at other harbors along the Australian coast."



ENTENTE FRICTION

BOTH: "If you don't act right, I'll cut the rope."

—*De Notenkraker* (Amsterdam).

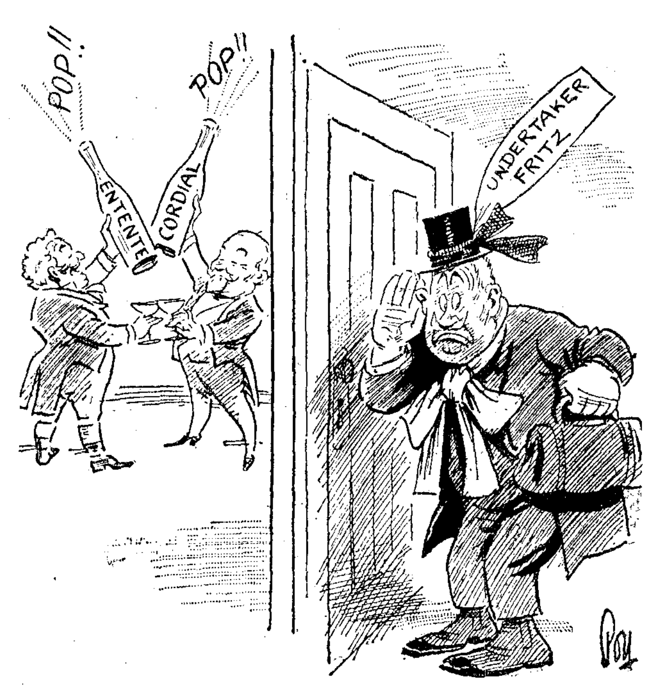
WHY FRANCE AND ENGLAND DIFFER

THE GREATEST TROUBLE between France and England proceeds from their misfortune in allowing "preconceived notions to come before real facts," according to an unnamed statesman, who is said to be intimately connected with outstanding events in European diplomacy. Preconceived notions are the "curse of humanity and the cause of the major part of our present international troubles," says this anonymous diplomat, as quoted by a correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*. That he is an Englishman may be guessed from his statement that France is laboring under the preconceived notion that "we are out to let her down and to help Germany," and "we on our side are equally handicapped by the preconceived notion, absolutely unconfirmed by fact, that the prosperity of Central Europe is as important for France as it is for us." We read then:

"As the French have been able to convince themselves that we are British first and even after that not pro-Germans, their attitude of proud aloofness could undergo a change. As we on our side have had sufficient time in which to convince ourselves that the reconstitution of a prosperous Central Europe is less of a pressing need for France than for ourselves, we are driven to recognize the necessity of securing for France compensation for her accepting some of our views. In this manner, by conceding on one side what can not be kept, and by accepting, on the other, accomplished facts, a compromise should and must inevitably be arrived at. Incidentally, both British and French should rid themselves of a preconceived notion they both share: the idea that in their protracted diplomatic disputes they can get the better one of the other. The fact is that the real victim is Germany."

The Daily Telegraph's correspondent relates further that Senator Weiller, one of the Alsatian members of the French Senate, told him that "the whole trouble of Germany is contained in the preconceived notion that France desires the dismemberment of the Reich," and adds:

"In this respect Dr. Cuno's recent speech was most symptomatic. He said that the Rhineland must remain with Prussia. This was shifting the question on to the wrong track completely. Senator Weiller reminded me that the question of separation of the Rhineland from Prussia was an internal German one. Its solution had been really predestined at Weimar in 1919, when Article 18 was included in the Constitution of the German Republic in order to satisfy the Rhenish deputies, whose whole tendency was toward autonomy. Dr. Cuno's action in putting the responsibility for the desire of a separation of the Rhineland from Prussia on to France was most unfair, and evidently calculated to impress public opinion in Germany. It may also be taken as proof that the Prussian bureaucracy wants to maintain the whole of Germany in its grip. Senator Weiller said that if France gets satisfaction on the point of recognition for the French claim to victory the other French demands would be found quite moderate."



THE UNDERTAKER'S LAMENT

LISTENING FRITZ: "Funny thing! It sounds like shooting, but still they don't send for the undertaker!"—*Evening News* (London).

A German answer to the remarks on preconceived notions is afforded also in *The Daily Telegraph* as having been given to its correspondent by a German economist visiting in London. According to this German observer—

"Germany has been the victim of preconceived notions to a degree greater even than Great Britain and France. Before speaking about anything else, one has but to mention the conviction which continues to prevail in the minds of at least one-third of the German people—that Germany has not lost the war. People abroad can not imagine the difficulties which this preconceived idea puts in the way of any constructive policy on the part of the German Government. Then comes the rooted belief that France is Germany's hereditary enemy. Recent events and, even more so, French action in backing German traitors like Dr. Dorten and the Bavarian extremists, have helped to maintain and strengthen this view. The result is the all but too common belief that it is, in general, useless to come to any agreement with France, because whatever agreement is signed, it will not be kept by Paris. In fact, Germans have the preconceived notion that Paris would set out to break any agreement even before the ink of the signatures had become dry."

This German economist is quoted as saying further that the foregoing idea gives birth to another equally dangerous, and one that is embarrassing to Great Britain. This idea is that it pays Germany to pin, officially, all her faith on British intervention, and we read:

"There is some excuse for this view, because in Germany it is well understood that Great Britain is the only country, except Italy, which is not interested in territorial expansion at Germany's expense. France, Poland, and even Czecho-Slovakia, are directly responsible for the loss of territory by Germany, or have aspirations which form a danger of further territorial loss.

"It is this entanglement of preconceived notions, not always based on fact, but always distorting facts, which has brought Europe to her present critical position. The advice of the statesman whom you quoted to concede what can not be kept, and to accept accomplished facts, is the only rational way of dealing with a situation becoming more dangerous every minute. . . .

"The preconceived notion in foreign countries which is most dangerous to Germany is that spread by some of the people who are over-zealous in their desire to help her, and who pretend that a break between France and England would be a short-cut to Germany's salvation. Responsible politicians understand, on the contrary, that such a break would be the beginning of the end, releasing as it would do the whole of France's power for a ruthless onslaught on the Rhine. The consequence of this would be active Nationalist resistance and incalculable harm."

ITALY'S NEED OF THE REPARATIONS

ITALY'S WAR BILLS worry her as much as France's war bills worry France, we are told, and this is why the Italian Government strongly insists that the reparations problem is tied up tight with European debt settlements. But this reality was not always clearly perceived by the Italians, as is admitted by the Milan *Corriere Della Sera*, which regrets that at the Versailles Peace Conference the Adriatic issue "overshadowed all questions and we were inclined to yield or abandon many important points which later would have proved of high value to us." According to this important daily, if Italy "had not been blind to economic facts," she would have met the United States half way and—

"We would have obtained from our Allies a larger share in the reparations percentage, larger at least than England's share, inasmuch as the latter never suffered the havoc of an invasion. We would have claimed a share in the enemy colonial empire. In a word, we could have obtained more advantages with a little foresight. Unfortunately, past steps can not be retraced, and the war-debt problem now rises formidably in front of us."

This newspaper quotes Cabinet Minister De Stefani as saying that Italy "can not forego one cent of her claim against Germany as long as Italy's creditors do not see their way clear to cancel their claims against Italy." The great Italian public is described as looking to England for a satisfactory settlement of the reparations problem, but they are said to make a sharp distinction between the debt contracted in that country and the sums owed to the United States, and we read:

"As regards the United States, we must definitely declare that we intend to pay her in full. We desire only that the great American Republic grant us favorable refunding terms, as favorable as those granted to England, considering the great difference between the financial strength of the two countries."

As to how and when the payment is to be made is doubtful, the *Corriere Della Sera* confesses, and adds:

"However willing we may be to pay our debts, we must frankly state that reparations are indissolubly linked to debt payments. Germany did not suffer in the war. But besides this imposing argument in the refunding parleys with Washington we still have a third weapon, no less influential. We must protest against American emigration restriction as well as against the trade barriers raised by the new American protective tariff."

Some Italian newspapers contemplate the suggestion of a radical cut in Italy's military forces as a means of first aid to the budget; but because of the present European frame of mind, they remark, nobody seems to be thinking of disarming. We are reminded also that Italy could "export" yearly nearly ten times the number of Italian emigrants now allowed to enter the United States, and such emigration combined with a revision of the high tariff appear as attractive remedies to various sections of the Italian press. Premier Mussolini's view of Italy's position in the reparations muddle was given in an address delivered to the Senate, from which we quote as follows:

> "1. Germany can and must pay a certain amount, which is never clearly agreed upon, but which is far from what everybody expected at the Armistice.
>
> "2. Italy can not consent to any territorial changes conducing to the formation of a hegemony, whether political, military or economic.
>
> "3. Italy is willing to share in any sacrifice toward what is commonly called the economic reconstruction of Europe.
>
> "4. The Italian Government maintains, now as before, that the reparations problem is indissolubly linked with European debt settlements."

Mr. Mussolini also reminded his hearers that Hungary and Bulgaria, as well as Germany, are war debtors of Italy; but the exact amount of Italy's share due was not defined in the treaties of Trianon and Neuilly. With reference to these declarations of the Premier, the Turin *Popolo* remarks:

> "Many are at variance over Fascism's internal policies, but regarding Italy's foreign policy, Mussolini has the backing of the entire country. Peace can have no stronger advocate than he; but Italy's place in the sun is above and beyond all other issues with him, and the nation as a man follows his external policy with pride, for it is tired of being the satellite of other European Powers."

SOVIET BOYCOTT OF SWITZERLAND

"YOU RELIEVE US GREATLY," cynically declare some Swiss editors in acknowledging Soviet Russia's notice that, as a result of the assassination of the Soviet delegate Vorowsky on Swiss territory, an economic boycott on Switzerland is ordered by the Soviet Government. But other Swiss observers, tho equally indifferent to the Soviet reprisal, point to it as an illustration to the world at large of the precarious foundations on which trade with the Soviet Government must repose. *Die Thurgauer Zeitung* welcomes the Soviet announcement which "far from causing the slightest panic in Switzerland will ease the minds of people of political understanding who prefer that all bonds with the country of Lenin and Trotzky be destroyed, root and branch." Meanwhile *Die Neue Zurcher Zeitung* says business relations between Soviet Russia and Switzerland have been so insignificant that "this threat of boycott is merely a saber thrust in water," and it adds:

> "It is to be noted, moreover, that in the limited and unimportant business lately done with Russia, negotiations were conducted not directly with that country, but through the medium of the central Russian commercial organ at Berlin. The merchandise involved was such as the Russian could not procure except from Switzerland. Altho Switzerland is twentieth in the line of foreign purveyors to Russia, it should be remarked that the greatest part of Swiss exports was destined for our philanthropic efforts in Russia."

Among the French Swiss press the *Gazette de Lausanne* relates that no one in Switzerland had any doubts the day after the assassination of the Soviet delegate Vorowsky that it would indefinitely retard the resumption of economic relations between Switzerland and Soviet Russia. The insolent notes of Russia's chief representative at Lausanne reenforced the determination of the Swiss nation not to take up again with a Government "that knows only how to scold and threaten." The boycott, therefore, we are told, only confirms a state of fact that Soviet Russia would have been powerless to change, and "knowing the game was up they have simply endeavored to pose as adopting an initiative, which is more pleasing to us than to them." This newspaper goes on to say:

> "It is one more case of the familiar Soviet bluff; and those in power at Moscow make a great big mistake if they think the Swiss believe in this bluff. The attitude of the Swiss Federal Council, which has been approved with practical unanimity, has always been the same. It has always received the direct or indirect advances of Soviet Russia with the greatest reserve. Few and far between are the Swiss manufacturers or commercial agents who have ventured at their risk and peril to do business in Soviet Russia. And their experience, in our belief, has been such as to preclude any possible regret over Moscow's recent decision."

The *Gazette de Lausanne* finds no reason to modify its reiterated statement that "resumption of trade with Soviet Russia would be as hurtful to Switzerland as it would be helpful to the Bolshevists." Therefore when the Soviet Government "pretends to punish Switzerland, it is only doing harm to itself," and we read:

> "From an economic standpoint business relations with Russia can result only in disappointment as long as this unhappy country lies stricken. In order that two countries may engage in traffic it is necessary that they both possess means of transport and means of payment, and by this latter is meant merchandise for exchange. It is not enough for a country to sell—it must also be able to sell and buy at the same time. Now we know that our exporters can sell to Russia; but what can we buy from her and how should we be paid for anything if we could buy?
>
> "Everybody who knows Russia knows that she is barren and incapable of giving us products in exchange for products we might furnish her. As a matter of fact Europe is obliged to send food to this country which before the war was the granary of Europe. To make it possible for Russia to trade with Europe and give products in exchange for products taken, Russia's ways of transport must be restored and European industry must furnish her with complete agricultural material to replace that which has been destroyed. To achieve these two requisites, years of labor are necessary."

Another need of the situation, according to this Lausanne daily, as in all normal relations between nations, is that there must be a certain community of elementary principles. Good faith is an essential condition of business dealings, it reminds us, and respect for private property is another. Now—

> "We know that the Bolshevists repudiate the principle of private property; and we know that no confidence can be placed in their word. Also we know in a general way that the Bolshevist Government lacks all the characteristics of the governments of all civilized states. It has constantly refused Switzerland the legitimate satisfaction demanded for the great number of innocent Swiss who since the Bolshevist revolution have been pillaged of their goods, exiled, or massacred. The Bolshevist Government is always mixing up in the domestic policies of other countries, and its fundamental objective, according to Article IX of the Soviet Constitution, is world revolution. How is it possible to enter upon any pact with such a régime?"

So not only from the economic standpoint would resumption of relations with Soviet Russia be perilous to Switzerland, but also from the political, wherefore this daily observes:

> "It behooves us consequently to wish ardently that Russia soon may pull itself together and achieve its own salvation. For as long as she remains in the condition to which the Soviet régime has brought her, it will be very difficult for Europe to recover from the ills that now afflict her. Is this not one more reason for deciding that nothing must be done to prolong for a single day the abject tyranny of the Bolshevic usurpers?"

In the foregoing some find a curious resemblance to the statement about Soviet Russia made by Secretary of State Hughes in his letter to Samuel Gompers to the effect that there is among the American people "a strong desire that nothing should be done to place the seal of approval on the tyrannical measures that have been adopted in Russia, or to take any action which might retard the gradual assertion by the Russian people of their right to live in freedom."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

COTTON-PICKING BY SUCTION

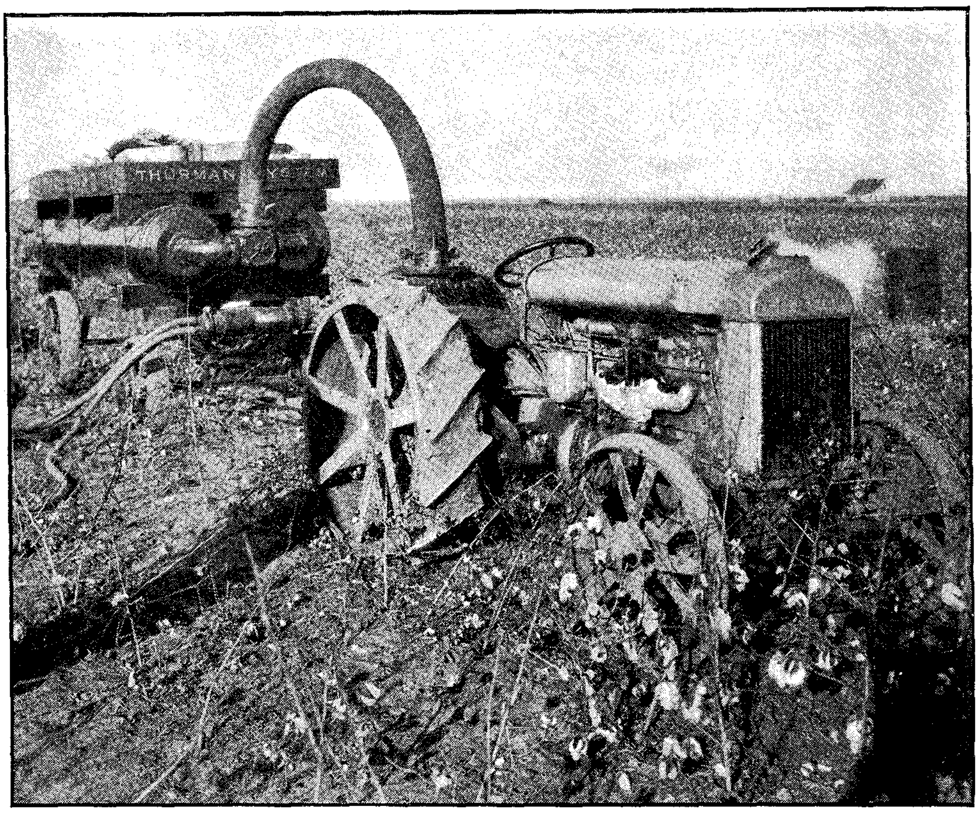
THE METHOD THAT HAS BEEN so successful in removing dirt from walls, floors and hangings is now to be employed to gather cotton in the fields, we learn from *America at Work* (St. Louis). The vacuum harvester, which literally sucks the cotton-fiber from the boll, has now made good in actual operation, we are told by this paper. The editor reminds his readers that in January last he said: "No machine has been perfected for picking cotton successfully. The reason is that the cotton-boll exudes a gum which quickly clogs and disables the machines which have been produced so far." This does not apply, he now assures us, to the vacuum machine. Here is his analysis of the problem and its solution:

"First, cotton must be picked from out of the middle of something; the long white fibers must be taken out from their nest in a circle of dried sepals. Second, cotton must be taken from a variety of positions, ranging from several inches off the ground to six feet off the ground, as in some districts of South Carolina. Third, the inventor is debarred from destroying the cotton plant, as the long harvest season means not one harvesting, but three, for the bottom, middle and top crops. As the reader will guess or already knows, the bottom bolls of the cotton plant mature first and must be picked while ripe.

"Up until the present time cotton-harvesters have been such a pronounced failure that any cotton-man will treat with great skepticism the announcement of a successful cotton-picker. The old joke that the Republican party is indispensable to the South because, as one Southerner said, without it they could not get the cotton crop picked, expresses the wide-spread feeling that hand-picking by negroes is the only way to get the crop in.

"With this machine, as when the negro moves slowly through the cotton-field dragging a dusty sack of cotton, the human eye directs the human hand in picking the cotton. The chief difficulty with former machines was, as we have said, that the gummy exudations of the cotton-boll clogged the intricate parts of the apparatus used to pick it. Now all this is done away with very simply by arranging that the cotton shall never reach the moving parts of the machine. The machine exhibits two big sheet-steel tanks, on the inside of each of which is a cotton-sack some twelve feet long with its mouth held open. A delivery tube enters the mouth of the sack. From this delivery tube leads a flexible rubber hose, on the end of which is a nozle of a little less than one inch in diameter. A centrifugal pump exhausts the air from the tank. Now open the nozle of the flexible rubber tube, and a powerful blast of air rushes into it. Approach the nozle to a cotton-boll and the extremely light cotton is caught by the inrush of air and 'jerked hence' in a manner so unbelievably swift that it looks like magic. The dried leaves of the cotton-boll, being relatively heavier than the cotton and offering less of what you might call sail surface to the inrushing wind, are left on the plant. The cotton speeds through the tubes at such a rate that if part of the tube be led through a glass vessel all you see in the glass vessel is a faint white streak. Once inside the sheet-steel tank the cotton is 'strained' out of the air current by the bag and the air passes through the pump.

"The whole apparatus rides on top of a Fordson tractor, of which there are 100,000 in the South, and to which it may be attached without any modification whatsoever of the tractor. An interesting feature of the picking tubes is the attachment to the nozle of a spring valve, so that if it drops out of the hands of the picker by accident, the air stream is automatically closed and the hose will not pick up dirt from the ground.



THE VACUUM-CLEANER METHOD EMPLOYED TO PICK COTTON

The suction picker at work in Texas cotton-fields.

"In actual operation the air pump is put on only one tank at a time, thus admitting of the removal of the burlap sack from the other tank. Six pickers work at once, constituting the crew of the machine. Each picker wears a belt, to which is hung the vacuum tube from the harvester. The tube forks in the back and smaller tubes lead to two nozles, so that the operator works with both hands at once. The air lines lie along the rows, and so do not break down the cotton. When a cotton-sack on the interior of one of the tanks is full, the white cotton is seen banked up against the little window of the tank. The operator then switches the pump to the other tank and removes the full sack. The new machine speeds up the individual picker about six times, or, in other words, whereas 2,100,000 people had to work 100 days to pick the 1920 cotton crop, if the new machine attained medium distribution the same work could be done in the same time by 350,000 people.

"In actual operation in cotton-fields near Wichita Falls, Texas, in 1922, the harvester picked cotton at the rate of 80 pounds per hour per man, and the cleanness resulting from its being sacked in the machine instead of being dragged over the ground induced cotton-buyers to offer two cents more per pound for the vacuum-picked cotton. At English, Arkansas, it picked cotton which had been rained and stormed on until the bolls were rotten, with the greatest ease. The estimated speed of the machine is three bales of cotton per day with six trained workmen."

LEARNING ASTRONOMY BY MAKING TELESCOPES

HOW A GROUP OF SKILLED MECHANICS in a small New England manufacturing town were made into astronomical enthusiasts by teaching them how to make their own telescopes is told in *Popular Astronomy* (Northfield, Minn.) by Russell W. Porter, in an article entitled "The Telescope Makers of Springfield, Vermont." When a man starts out to build a telescope "just for fun," the writer tells us, he will find, before his labors are over, that he has become seriously interested in the wonderful mechanism of the universe. The stimulus of being able to unlock celestial mysteries with tools fashioned with their own hands, seemed to act especially on the minds of these men, accustomed, as they were, to doing delicate and accurate mechanical work. The chief industry of Springfield, says Mr. Porter, is "the manufacture of certain machine tools well known throughout the world." He goes on:

Illustrations by courtesy of "Popular Astronomy," Northfield, Minn., and Russell W. Porter

AN ALL-NIGHT SESSION OF AMATEUR ASTRONOMERS ON MT. EPHRAIM

These mechanics, turned astronomers, used two telescopes from dusk to dawn. Through the night the dozers by the campfire would hear: "What's that fuzzy looking thing? See it? At the left edge of the field of view?" or "I've got it; I've got it." "Got what?" "Epsilon Lyræ. See 'em; each one double."

"When, three years ago, the writer returned to this his home town to take up his residence after an absence of many years devoted to astronomical work in the north polar regions, he found a fertile field awaiting him, where the only incentive needed for the study of the heavens, and becoming better acquainted with this universe of ours, was the possession by these men of powerful telescopes.

"Among this group of machinists there were several who had their own small machine-shops, usually in the cellars of their homes, where they could work on their mountings. But the success of the Springfield Telescope Makers lies to a great extent in having as the president of one of the large industrial plants an amateur astronomer in entire sympathy with the movement, James Hartness, who has already made his contribution to astronomy through the invention of the turret telescope, whereby an observer may now work at the eyepiece in perfect comfort, regardless of outside temperature conditions.

"An unused basement in one of the shops was given over for our use, and here gathered fifteen embryo astronomers under the writer's guidance. The Newtonian reflector, of course, was the logical type selected, not only for its simple efficiency, but on account of its cheapness. The principles of the instrument were shown on a blackboard, and the writer remembers experiencing quite a thrill in observing the response from the men when he told them that while they were accustomed in the shops to working to limits of one-thousandth of an inch, they would now, in making their mirrors, have to set the limits a thousand times smaller, viz., to one-millionth, by the remarkable but exceedingly simple device known as the knife-edge test.

"Each one was allowed all possible latitude in exercising his mechanical ingenuity as we passed through the different operations. Some made their stands from barrels filled with sand or iron castings; some set up their laps on benches, and some made wooden pedestal stands. One of the men was an expert pattern-maker, so when any device in wood was required, we were always sure of obtaining it just right.

"The testing bench consisted of a long, smooth and straight plank fastened to a shop bench. This plank I still possess as a great treasure. Over its entire surface are, to a layman, undecipherable symbols and hieroglyphics, where the writer explained to each student, as he tested his mirror, the interpretation of the knife-edge shadows.

"Nearly every man got the 'idea' and realized why he was to alter the stroke of his mirror on the lap to change the curve of its surface, in working toward the spherical or paraboloidal figures.

"There was one person, however, who was totally unable to see any of the knife-edge shadows. This person, strange to say, was a woman, our only female member, a stenographer from one of the offices. She *could* see *nothing* except what she described as a dark diagonal shadow line passing diametrically across the mirror. However, the young lady got along all right in working by faith alone, and produced a fair mirror, and I believe the only one with a perfectly polished surface. I had prided myself on having in the class the only woman telescope maker since Caroline Herschel. She was much elated over the fact, but considerably downcast when on returning from a trip to the Brashears' at Pittsburgh, I had to confess that I had met there a woman who had produced many mirrors for telescopes during the war."

It interested Mr. Porter to observe the effect of temperament of the different men on the character of their work. Some, wishing to drive straight to the finish in the quickest time, would get into deep water at once by using too much pressure, too fast strokes, overheating their glass and having to go back to fine grinding again. Others, usually the older men, worked slowly, *carefully, following instructions exactly, religiously protecting* their mirror and abrasives, and arriving finally with glass surfaces of excellent figure. Continuing Mr. Porter's story:

"This part of the work covered two or three evenings a week for the early winter months, and all but one finished his mirror. They were all then given a blueprint of a standard equatorial mounting of the German counterbalanced type, but the principle of the equatorial mounting only was explained. Each mechanic thereafter went his own way, capable of taking care of himself. The resources of the shops were made available, and certain machines could be used at certain hours.

"Totally-reflecting prisms and eyepieces of the very finest make available were purchased; so that the expense of the optical parts averaged about twenty dollars. The completed instruments probably cost less than thirty dollars for each member. As each man knew that the eyes of his fellow mechanics were upon him, he produced the best that was in him, the result being mountings that compare favorably with those of professionals.

"At the town fair the next fall the telescopes made an unique exhibit. Here were displayed the glass in different stages of grinding, an automatic machine was polishing a mirror, and outdoors the townspeople were looking through the instruments, watching the horse-racing, following the movements of the airplanes or viewing distant terrestrial objects.

"However, the *important outstanding fact* is this: Interest did not stop with the completion of the telescopes. As we needed a more reliable value of the latitude and longitude of Springfield than was available from the existing maps, the telescope makers found an old station on Hawks Mountain, just outside the township, occupied years ago in the government triangulation of New England. They camped on the mountain, built a substantial tower and signal over the station, dedicated a bronze tablet marking the spot, and assisted in carrying the triangulation with a theodolite to the village. This gives us the spherical coordinates of Springfield far more accurately than could be obtained by any of our instruments by observation.

"On another occasion they spent the night on the summit of

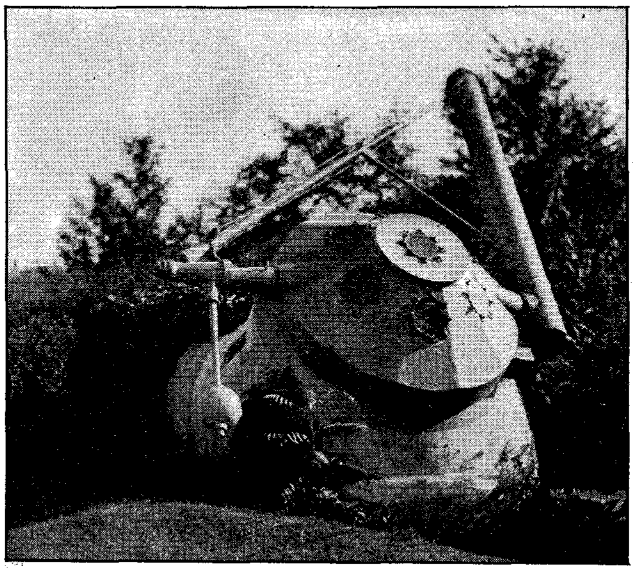
Mt. Ephraim, the highest point in the township. This gathering I believe is unique in the annals of astronomy. There in a bald rocky pasture were some fifteen men and two reflecting telescopes in good equatorial adjustment. Throughout that summer night, from the appearance of the first star until dawn, these men were exploring the heavens. It proved to be good seeing notwithstanding a stiff wind. The light from a roaring camp-fire revealed a circle of animated faces listening intently to some celestial fact just brought out at the eyepiece of one of the instruments. It might have been the mechanics of a binary system, or some physical aspect of a planet.

"The winter gatherings are at the members' homes. One evening it may be a discussion of driving clocks and mountings. Two evenings were devoted to illustrated talks on general astronomy prepared by the Yerkes Observatory. The interference of light took up another evening with its application to testing flat surfaces. The men were all familiar with the very flat metal surface plates used in the shops, as well as the gage blocks used as length standards. It was an eye-opener when they found that light could be used to carry these measurements a thousand times farther than any mechanical device with which they were familiar.

"This, then, is one way of teaching astronomy. I am convinced that these workmen, some of whom have only attended district schools, have a far better conception of the great mechanism of the solar system than graduates of our high schools. They have, perhaps unconsciously, absorbed the fundamental facts of our system."

A NEW KIND OF FILTER—Great interest was taken in a "stream-line filter" exhibited by Dr. Hele-Shaw at a meeting of the Royal Society of London. Says *Discovery* (London):

"Every one is familiar with the waste of time involved in filtering fluids, containing suspended matter, by ordinary means. Yet filtration is a process which is essential every moment in laboratories. In this new filter a most simple device is employed with extraordinary success. Holes about half an inch in diameter are punched through a series of sheets of paper—the eventual effect being rather as if one had pushed a cheese-scoop through a magazine several times. The dirty water is then forced through these holes by a pump, while the sheets of paper are forced together with a variable strength. The water is only allowed to escape between the leaves of paper, and since that space is exceedingly small, all solid matter remains behind in the large punched-out spaces. Even a dye, such as methylene blue, if put through the filter, comes out colorless, and it must be remarked that this is in no sense the effect of what is called 'adsorption'—a physico-chemical process by which a kind of combination between dye and paper takes place—but a true filtration, or mechanical removal of suspended matter."

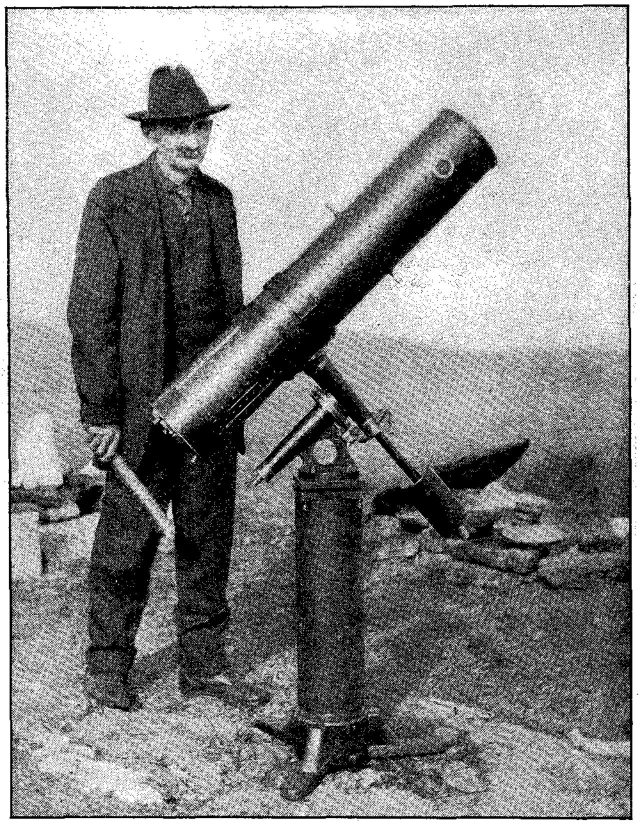


THIS HARTNESS REFRACTOR HELPED MIGHTILY

In this turret observers were able to work in comfort. The mounting is rigid and the telescope glass is a ten-inch Brashear.

THAT GOLD IN LABRADOR

"CAN A PESSIMIST write a prospectus?" asks an editorial writer in *The Engineering and Mining Journal-Press* (New York). Is he not temperamentally unfit? Has any one ever seen a prospectus written in other than an optimistic vein? Of course not. A prospectus may be defined as an optimistic statement regarding a proposition of possible or doubtful value. Such thoughts were aroused some time ago by reading a Labrador prospectus. He continues:



A MECHANIC-ASTRONOMER AND HIS INSTRUMENT

This is Frank Whitney, of Springfield, Vermont, with the telescope which he put together himself and with which he was able to see distinctly the markings on the planet Mars.

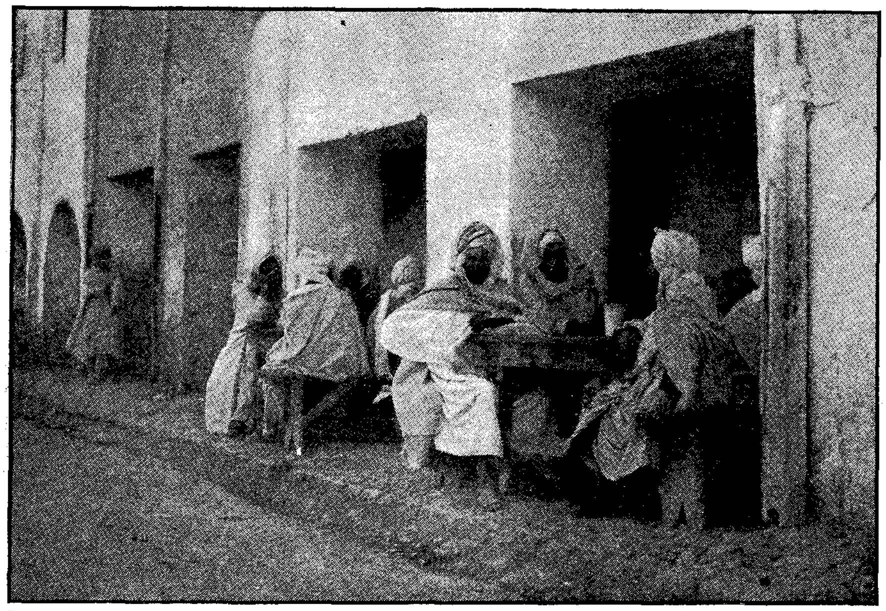
"Surely its writer was an optimist. 'Labrador is only a pleasant boat trip from Montreal,' he said. 'With a little co-operation on the part of the public, no hardship need be endured. Any red-blooded adventurous young man could hardly do otherwise than consider a trip to Labrador a wonderful summer holiday.' All optimists would concur. Even Hades would have its red-blooded explorer, if not the ubiquitous tourist, were it humanly possible.

"But why Labrador? The answer was 'gold.' Placer gold had been found there by the president of the company, according to himself. What conservative, intelligent, skilful, and competent men all earnestly believed would develop into the largest gold-fields in the world were up in Labrador, stated the prospectus. Inquiry made of the Department of Agriculture and Mines at St. Johns, Newfoundland, within whose jurisdiction Labrador lies, elicited the reply that the department had not examined the region and could give no official information, on the subject, knowing only what those who had staked claims in the regions had said. Previous inquiry made of the department at Ottawa had brought forth a suggestion that we write to St. Johns.

"A bonanza in Labrador? Why not? First reports from the Klondike met with skepticism. It was no time to laugh, we felt, conscious all the while of our open-mindedness. But the Dominion Geological Survey at Ottawa has spilled the beans. It could well have done so earlier. In an official statement it tells facts regarding Labrador that make it appear extremely improbable that any discovery of importance has been made there."

ODD FOREIGN DRINKS

THESE ARE DESCRIBED by Paul Popenoe in *Good Health* (Battle Creek, Mich.). Every country, begins Mr. Popenoe, has its own characteristic beverages, and the total number doubtless runs up into the thousands. One with which travelers around the Mediterranean become familiar is a tea made of the flowers of the linden or lime tree, which can be had in cafés in southern Spain, southern France, Algeria and elsewhere. This very mild beverage furnishes an agreeable way of taking some flavored hot water with sugar and cream, at tea-time. He goes on:



By courtesy of Arthur Paul Popenoe

LIQUID REFRESHMENT IN THE SAHARA

An Arab sidewalk café in the desert town of Biskra.

"Another afternoon-tea substitute is *maté*, the so-called Paraguay tea, which can be bought in many groceries in the United States. From time to time some company endeavors, by means of an advertising campaign, to create a market for this article—the dried leaves of a shrub related to the holly. These attempts seem to have failed, neither the flavor nor the after-effects of the beverage appealing to most tastes. In South America a very hot infusion is made and imbibed through a silver pipe. This beverage is probably fully as injurious as ordinary tea.

"The Arabs are, of course, known as coffee-drinkers, but they have numerous beverages that are less injurious. One of these, which was served to me in eastern Arabia as an afternoon refreshment, was nothing but an infusion of cinnamon considerably sweetened. I found the same thing in a worse form in the Sahara, where on one bitterly cold morning an individual appeared in the bazar with what looked like a five-gallon kerosene can, and a few cups. My curiosity led me to gamble a penny on the contents of his can, which he said was 'khonjalan'; it proved to be a cinnamon infusion, not only steaming hot but so loaded with red pepper that I was unable to swallow a single mouthful. But many of the Arabs drank it eagerly to warm themselves up: it would, indeed, have thawed a snowman.

"Hot-weather drinks are more palatable. One of great antiquity in the Orient consists of fresh dates macerated in either water or milk, and allowed to stand overnight. Pliny describes this nearly 1900 years ago, and it was a favorite of the prophet Mohammed, who made its use lawful because it was not alcoholic. It is, however, highly insipid to Occidental tastes. When allowed to stand for a few days in warm weather, especially in the unclean vessels used in its manufacture, it quickly becomes alcoholic. But as no definite time can be designated when it passes from the class of temperate drinks to that of illicit beverages, the unscrupulous Arab lets it stand as long as he pleases, and yet comforts his conscience with the thought that it is a permissible beverage.

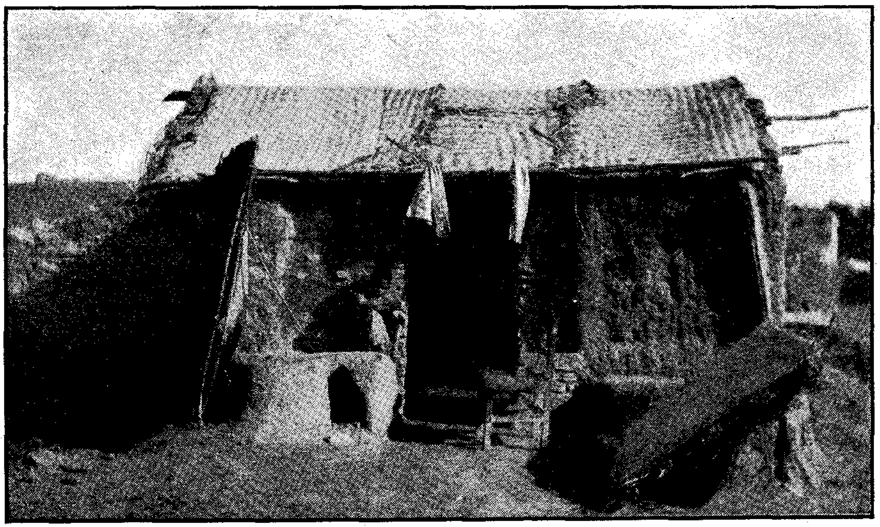
"In communities that boast ice-plants, sherbets and ice-creams are nowadays favorites of the Arabs during the summer. In Syria these frozen dainties go under the name of 'buzeh,' a Turkish word which the English language has borrowed and degraded to 'booze.'

"Some of the drinks made by the Arabs from fresh fruit syrups are excellent, but the advance of civilization is destroying their taste in this regard. In the cities they tend to patronize 'soda pop,' put up with anilin flavors and colors by some local bottler of unsanitary propensities.

"From the sap of the palm, which flows copiously in the spring, the Arabs also derive a beverage which tastes much like the milk of a fresh, green coconut. The latter is a wide-spread and popular drink in the tropics, and an excellent one. It has the advantage of being sanitary, provided the drinker buys a coconut, cuts off the top himself, and drinks from the shell, as is usually the case.

"Camel's milk is the staple beverage of nomad Arabs. It is said to be slightly intoxicating in large quantities, but I do not know the basis for this statement. In the spring when the camels are fresh, the Arab women let the surplus milk sour, then separate the whey, leaving the curds like cottage cheese or *schmierkäse.* This is then made up in balls and dried in the sun, after which it will keep indefinitely, is easy to carry or store, and when wanted has only to be dissolved in water.

"Cow's milk might not be thought of as an exotic beverage, yet it is more popular as a refreshment or afternoon 'pick-me-up' in some other countries than in America. In Japan it is truly an exotic beverage, for until recently there were no cows in Japan. David Fairchild tells how, on an early trip to the kingdom, he met an old gentleman who was religiously drinking a little cow's milk each day, and trying to acquire the taste for it. The Japanese were in that period eager to acquire the Occidental secrets of success. The Occidental nations drank cow's milk; they had advance civilization; therefore—so the reasoning ran—the Japanese should also learn to drink cow's milk in order to be civilized. Hence the old Samurai, with a wry face, was doing his best to become a milk imbiber."



A DRINKING-PLACE IN MESOPOTAMIA

The Arabs are coffee-drinkers, "but they have numerous beverages that are less injurious."

HOW TO TREAT SNAKE-BITE

ANTI-VENIN WILL NEUTRALIZE the poison of a venomous snake. But anti-venin is to be obtained only in hospitals, and there are no hospitals in swamps and mountains. What is done must be done firmly and quickly. In *The Western Medical Times* (Denver, Colo.) Dr. Douglas H. Stewart tells what to do and how to do it. In the first place, says Dr. Stewart, one who is to deal with the bite of a venomous serpent must foreknow, foretell, and forestall. All other knowledge tends to prevent concentration. Vacillation or uncertainty on the part of a would-be helper will speedily result fatally for the sufferer. He goes on:

"Any bystander may change an outlook from unfavorable to favorable by the very first measures that he initiates. After all, it is that very initiative which is imperative, and yet, which is but too often forgotten or delayed.

"There is no more effective and simple way of teaching than through the use of the ancient method of symbolism. For the present purpose let us take three symbols: A cord, a razor, and a Scotch plaid, which will answer for both physician and layman. In planning for the treatment of snake-bites one fact must never be forgotten, and that is, that the first damage is local; but will not remain so. If it were to remain local, the danger would be practically nil. Bites are commonly upon an arm or a leg, therefore he who can treat a bitten limb promptly will be very apt to meet the snake-bite emergency successfully. Suppose, then, a person is bitten: The first thing to do is to grasp the extremity with one's hands an inch or two above the bite. Squeeze, and squeeze hard. While squeezing, think of a string, a razor and a Scotch plaid. Tie the string or its substitute; e. g., bandage, electric-bell wire, etc., above the grasping hand. Have some one pull it tight and knot it, before releasing the grasp. Put on four or more such ligatures about two inches apart. This procedure or a similar one marks the first step at keeping the venom localized. Next think of the razor and with that or its substitute cut a figure that shall represent the crossing of the lines on a Scotch plaid so that the punctures of the snake's fangs shall be included in the crossing of the lines. Cut fast and cut deep. The more bleeding the better. If one cuts fast the pain of the first cut seems to cover the pain of the succeeding ones, whereas, slow cutting means nerve recovery, and just so many distinct, successive pains. Make five cuts from left to right spaced about one-fourth inch apart so that those incisions shall run from one inch below the puncture marks to one inch above these marks. Then without delay make five more cuts, similarly spaced, but extending up and down, or at right angles to the others. All should be made in such a manner that the bites lie in the right-angles crossing the lines. See illustration.

"Two mistakes are almost certain if the attendant goes carefully.

"1. Unnecessary pain will be caused by slowness and hesitation.

"2. The cuts will not be deep enough.

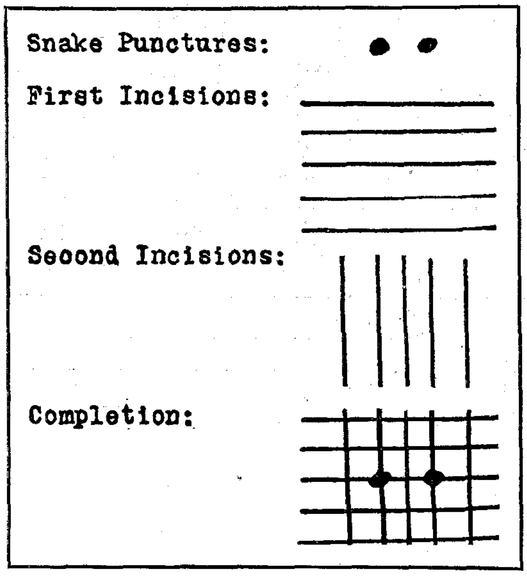
"The rule of the swamp is 'Use the razor like a drunken nigger.' Of course this treatment would not be sufficiently radical for the hunter or plainsman, who prefers to explode some gunpowder on the snake-bite. And this either preliminary to or secondary to a rather severe jack-knife manipulation, such as a conical excision of the bite with a liberal amount of surrounding tissues. It may not be amiss to mention in this connection that in former times amputation was considered a lesser alternative, and that men have asked bystanders to blow out the sufferer's brains. All of which is only to emphasize that the cuts must be made rapidly, slashingly and deep, for traumatism is no factor in this instance.

"At this stage of the proceedings the venom should have been restrained by the ligatures and an escape should have been furnished by the multiple incisions. To make matters doubly sure a cupping glass, a breast pump, mouth suction, or any suction whatever, is of distinct advantage. Therefore, such suction should be applied to the bite.

"The question of anti-venin does not enter here at all. Nor need it be discust as to excellence or as to limitation. All that need be said is, it is generally unavailable. One thing that every farmhouse or emergency kit should contain is a small bottle of one-grain tablets of potassium permanganate. Suppose the permanganate is archaic, out of date and forgotten, no one who once becomes familiar with it will say that, within its sphere of action, there is anything better. It is a most powerful oxidizer and venom can not withstand its destructive presence. In other words, a venom exposed to contact with permanganate is no longer venomous. The ideal solution is one per cent.—two one-grain tablets dissolved in three teaspoonfuls of water—and this acts at a distance when injected beneath the skin. Consequently there is no reason why a venom, after being placed by a snake-bite may not be surrounded by a circle of deep hypodermic injections of a 1 per cent. potassium permanganate solution and the venom thus rendered harmless or nearly so. Hunters, explorers, etc., usually take a supply of bichlorid tablets with them, tho it is an open question whether those tablets might not be advantageously replaced by the less poisonous, but very active and comparatively safe permanganate.

"Alcohol, digitalis, etc., may be used for shock and fainting, but for those symptoms only, since their value as antidotes is rather more than doubtful.

"The ligatures are to be left tight for thirty minutes, at the end of which time they are very slowly unfastened. Not only should they be slowly unfastened, but at the least sign of poisoning an unfastened one must again be tightened, immediately.



A PATTERN TO REMEMBER FOR SNAKE-BITE

"The standard dressing that is finally applied to the field of operation is a saturated solution of permanganate. This is both effective and unnecessarily severe. The surrounding hypodermic injections will render a very mild continuous application quite as efficacious as a caustic one.

"Summary: In case of a bite from a venomous snake: Grasp the limb above the bite. Think of a string, a razor and a Scotch plaid. Ligate so firmly that the venom can not flow into the body. Make the cross-hatching of a Scotch plaid with rapid, forcible strokes of the razor across the area of the bite. Cut laterally and vertically and deep, and the rest is easy. But this much admits of neither hesitation nor dawdling."

LOCATING TELEPHONE TROUBLE BY RADIO—Radio communication is destined to play a vitally important part in maintenance of continuity of service on high-tension power transmission lines in the future, in the opinion of operating officials of the Northern States Power Company, as quoted in *The Electrical World* (New York). Says this paper:

"This newest form of communication already has been used successfully by the company in quickly locating 'trouble' on its lines, and it has proved greatly superior to the wire telephone method previously used. When the two St. Croix transmission lines tript out at 1:55 P.M. on January 30 both telephone lines to St. Croix were put out of commission. F. J. Gerlich, superintendent of the service department, lost no time in getting to the radio set and upon tuning in immediately heard the wireless operator at St. Croix calling Minneapolis. By means of radio-telephone communication the trouble on the transmission lines was quickly cleared up, and both lines were back in service by 2:05 P.M. (within ten minutes). Wire telephone communication was not reestablished until half an hour later."

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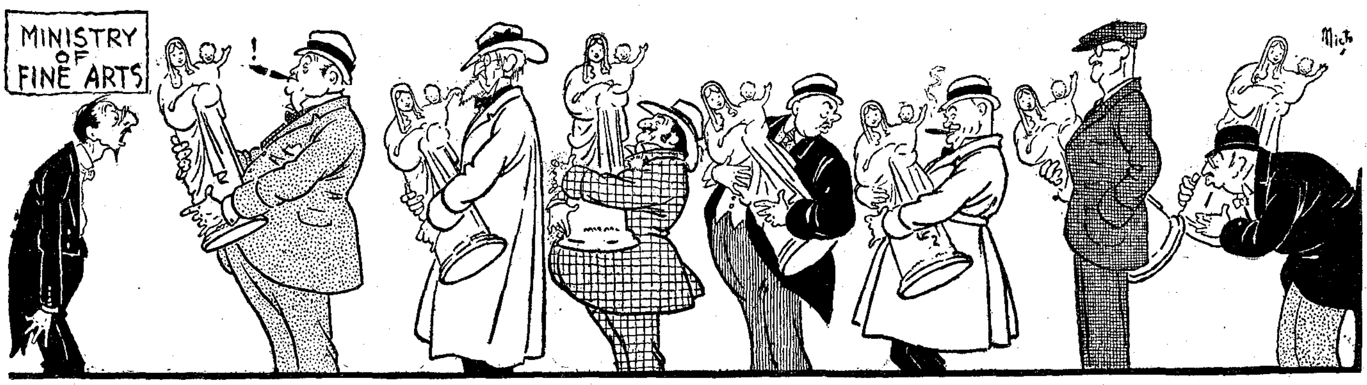
LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE



"MINE IS THE ONLY GENUINE ONE" "SO'S MINE" "SO'S MINE" "SO'S MINE" "SO'S MINE" "SO'S MINE" "SO'S MINE"

THE ONLY GENUINE MADONNA

—From *L'Echo de Paris.*

WHEN IS AN ANTIQUE NOT AN ANTIQUE?

SIX SPURIOUS MASTERPIECES are said to have found their way into the collection of Gothic sculptures at the Metropolitan Museum in New York City, and it is further charged that "scores of fake pieces have been bought for it during the past ten years." However, the accusation regarding the six statues is made "by a person who is publicly anonymous," we are told, and "is not formally made." Moreover, the statement concerning the "scores of fakes" is the work of "a Paris art dealer and connoisseur, but, as quoted, it is rather vague." Nevertheless, as the Springfield *Republican* observes, the charges are disturbing, for they "come at a time when faking of art treasures in Europe has become specially notorious, the clever craftsmen who have engaged in it finding conditions peculiarly favorable, both in the ready market for bargains in art and in the fact that owners of pieces of real value are forced in many cases to dispose of them at a sacrifice." Continuing, *The Republican* tells us,

"Director Robinson of the Metropolitan Museum discredits the suspicion that has been directed against the unnamed objects in his care, and the Director of the Louvre is even more emphatic in denying even more explicit charges against certain pieces in the Paris museum. The authorities of both museums are traditionally careful in assuring themselves, with the cooperation of the best available experts, of the genuineness of works that are offered to them for sale or as gifts. The most competent judges sometimes err, and the statues in question may be illustrations of their fallibility, but the case for such a contention has not yet been made.

"George Gray Barnard, the eminent sculptor, who is one of the foremost authorities on Gothic art, contributes some interesting information apropos of the present flurry. He explains that the restoration of Gothic art—which he personally deplores, as Ruskin did—is generally considered permissible to a degree that would not be tolerated with more ancient works. As a result more restoring is often done than is justifiable even from a very liberal point of view, and through intent or misunderstanding works are sometimes sold as genuine which are only partly so.

"Mr. Barnard is himself, it seems, at least partly responsible for a revival of interest in Gothic art that has led to a demand both for genuine specimens and for complete reproductions and imitations frankly bought and sold as such. His discovery and collection of relics of medieval sculpture in fences and walls of farms near Paris before the war called attention to an overlooked source of art treasures. He suggests that statuary honestly made in imitation of genuine Gothic workmanship may in some cases have fallen into the hands of the unscrupulous."

This is a subtle distinction, perhaps, but—

"It is no mere reverence for age or for a great name that makes the real more valuable. The actual work of the creator of an object of art marks an original accomplishment which in historical and scientific study can not be replaced by an imitation. Accurate knowledge of an artist and his time must be obtained from his actual work. Copies have their legitimate place, but they must be known as such. As M. Cornillon, the French expert who has been quoted above, says, 'The museum is sacred. It is for the education of future generations, and it is a sacrilege to put false works of art into it.' Whether or not he has pointed to a specific example of the sacrilege in the Metropolitan Museum, his warning of present danger seems not untimely."

Even a sculptor of the first rank may be imposed upon by the fakers, it appears. In an account of the recently opened Rodin Museum at Meudon, a correspondent tells the New York *Tribune,*

"There is a gallery of antiques, and it is interesting to know that among these are a number of forgeries. He believed in his Tanagra statuettes, of which he bought many, until an expert analyzed the clay and proved to him that it was not the characteristic clay of the Greeks.

"The fact that Rodin himself was duped by the clever fakers of Paris is not the least interesting disclosure of these days, in which the scandal of manufactured antiques continues to be a favorite topic in the ateliers of sculptors.

"They tell the story of the extraordinary M. Boutron, who had so light an opinion of the Museum experts that he 'trade-marked' the classics that came out of his atelier. A certain 'Virgin,' for instance, is very nearly a portrait of Mme. Boutron, and on the face of a medieval male figure he modeled his own mustache.

"The famous Boutron—for it was he who produced the Kings of Parthenay and the Annunciation, which figured so largely in the charges and countercharges of the scandal of manufactured antiques—lived a merry life until he was murdered three years ago in his studio. Now Mme. Boutron declares that a few hours after the crime Boutron's books, containing records of all the antiques he had 'repaired,' were stolen."

A "very considerable number" of the "old masters" and other works of art in our own museums and private collections are spurious, thinks the Boston *Transcript*, which remarks,

"Not only have pictures and works of sculpture that are clever 'fakes' passed muster with our museum directors and our wealthy collectors, but hundreds at least of works have attained their place through the operation of a not uncandid and really expert system of 'attributions,' in which probabilities, known characteristics, peculiarities of brush work or modeling and other indications are cleverly made to do duty in place of signatures, known history or other direct evidence. All connoisseurs are aware that the experts often disagree, and that some of the best of them err. The case of the deception practised upon one of the most distinguished and sincere of authorities, Dr. Bode of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin, in connection with the supposed wax bust by Leonardo da Vinci of 'Flora,' is one in point. This work, the argument for whose genuineness by Bode had been quite generally accepted by the artistic world, was afterward proved to be a modern imitation. There have been similar cases. And America has been the favorite destination of spurious or suspicious 'masterpieces.' European dealers and others who would never have attempted to practise imposition upon their own countrymen have not hesitated to work off their product on American purchasers, who are regarded as fair play on account of their credulity and their supposed eagerness to possess themselves of anything with a name. Nor is the process altogether a case of European victimization of credulous Americans. Manufactories of spurious 'masters'—even American masters—have flourished abundantly on our own soil."

Alexander Finta, a Hungarian sculptor and a pupil of Rodin, has been examining the sculptures under suspicion at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and an interview made for the New York *Times* reports him as saying,

"There are two principal ways to test the age of a statue. One is the manner in which the statue has been worked and the other is the reaction of the material of the statue to penetration by chisel.

"The texture of the surface of a statue is not only an indication of the age, but is also an open book to the very soul and the temperament of the artist. This texture is a better test as to the authorship of a statue than the form or the lines or the proportions of its details, because when the original master worked upon the statue, he did so with a feeling of certainty, hands that did not tremble, and this feeling of surety can be noticed upon the statue. If, however, an assistant were asked to work out details or to add to it, the uncertainty of handling, the feeling necessitated by following some one else's ideas are very evident. This texture to the expert is as sure proof of certain facts about the statue as the very handwriting of a person.

"The other method of testing a statue is by the way it reacts to penetration. The 'struggle for life' exists in the cases of stones, too. With time they acquire a hardening film, a crystallized cover which surrounds the original object. This hardening, in the case of old statues, is even, uniform, while in the cases of imitations, where the age is supposed to be hidden by a covering of fluorin, this hardening is never uniform, and nature's process can never be imitated by chemical preparations."

René Gimpel, of Paris, a well-known investigator of Gothic art, has explored our Eastern museums, and is thus quoted by the New York *Tribune:*

"Many people are surprized when led to the conclusion that there are so many Gothic statues in the world to-day. I am surprized that there are so few. When one considers that the period from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries saw the world's greatest sculpture production, the fact that so few genuine pieces remain is indeed remarkable. Chartres, for example, is adorned with 10,000 sculptured ornaments and figures and all were fashioned within twenty-five years."

"POLLY" GOES TO COURT

A FRONT-PAGE SENSATION, tho nearly two hundred years old, the ballad opera called "Polly" owes its prominence in the London papers to a quarrel over copyrights and a consequent affair in court. It was prominent already in the world of art. At the Savoy Theater, where it is still running, it had been given a musical setting by Mr. Frederic Austin, and recently Miss Gwendolen Parnell, of the Chelsea Pottery, exhibited a charming array of porcelain figures representing characters from "Polly." Moreover, Mr. Jeffrey Mark mentions "Polly" in an essay on "Ballad Opera" contributed to the London *Mercury*. "Polly," it seems, was written by the poet Gay as a sequel to his "Beggar's Opera," when the English stage was in rebellion against operatic importations from the Continent and when Colley Cibber declared,

Poor English Mouths, for Twenty Years
Have been shut up from Musick;
But, thank our Stars, outlandish Airs
At last have made all You-sick.

As Mr. Mark tells us, the music of the ballad operas that supplanted the importations "usually consisted, as in the case of Gay's play, of British folk-tunes and dance music drawn from various sources, such as Playford's 'Dancing Master,' Tom D'Urfey's 'Pills to Purge Melancholy,' the 'Orpheus Caledonicus,' or Ramsay's 'Tea-table Miscellany.' A certain proportion of French tunes also found their way into the operas, notably 'Polly.'" It is the music of the lately revived opera that has brought "Polly" into court, and on the London *Daily Chronicle's* front page we find "Polly" featured with display headlines that adorn a report beginning,

JENNY DIVER AND MORANO
Two characters from "Polly," done in porcelain.

"Songs in court enlivened an action before Mr. Justice Astbury yesterday.

"Mr. Frederic Austin, the well-known composer, who was giving evidence, sang in the witness-box from music scores to indicate the variations which he made in some of the original airs of Gay's opera, 'Polly.' He gave his illustrations in a pleasant barytone voice.

"He showed that the words, 'Cease your anguish, and forget your grief,' had been varied by him to 'Drink boys, deep, and the Devil take to-morrow.'

"Mr. Austin sang his words 'Drink boys, deep' with a jovial emphasis that led his lordship to remark: 'That is not the tone of anguish.' (Laughter.)

"The judge was hearing an action brought by Mr. Frederic Austin, the composer, against the Columbia Graphophone Company for an alleged infringement of his copyright in the music of the opera 'Polly.'

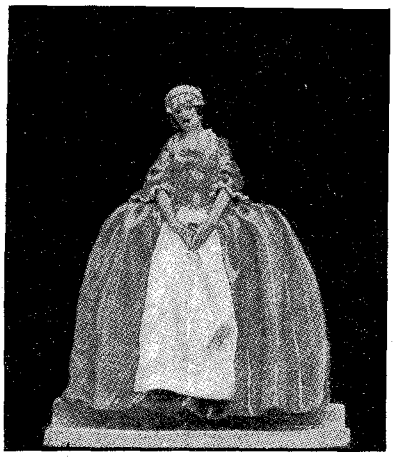
"Mr. Luxmoore, K.C., in opening the case, said he understood that the defendants admitted the making of an orchestral score containing certain of the airs, and the making of the records, but they denied reproducing parts of Mr. Austin's music.

"His Lordship: 'Who wrote the original music?'

"Counsel: 'The airs are traditional airs. The original music was not written for Gay's works. We say that the defendants have appropriated our own setting, which is different from Gay's.'"

According to the London *Daily Mail's* reporter:

"Counsel explained that the copyright in Gay had disappeared. 'Polly' was originally written as a sequel to 'The Beggar's Opera,' but was not produced in Gay's lifetime because the Lord Chamberlain forbade the production. Gay's idea was 'to lash the reigning vices and set out the virtues in as amiable light as he



POLLY

As played by Miss Lilian Davies

could.' He painted the white people as black as he could and extolled the virtues of the noble savage. (Laughter.)

"Mr. Bax, when he rewrote the play, tried to make a satirical production into a pleasant evening's entertainment. Mr. Austin prepared a musical version to suit the altered play and selected some of Gay's airs—about 50 out of 71.

"Sir Duncan Kerly said the Columbia Company's case was that theirs was an independent production from Gay's airs, selected by Mr. A. W. Ketelbey after an examination of Gay's works at the British Museum.

"Mr. Luxmoore: 'The strange part of it is that there is a remarkable similarity.'

"Sir Duncan Kerly: 'You will be surprized to hear that there is another "Polly."'

"There was much laughter when Mr. Justice Astbury, examining two pieces of music, said they seemed to be similar, as the dots came in the same spaces. 'When you only know two songs, one of which is "God Save the King" and the other is not,' he said, 'that seems the only way to read music.'

"Sir Duncan Kerly said a large number of distinguished people had read the works and would give their opinion. He agreed that his lordship would be helped more by their evidence than by a musical demonstration. Of course, it all depended upon his lordship's musical equipment.

"Mr. Justice Astbury: 'I can tell a waltz from a dirge.' (Laughter.)"

The trial was still raging gloriously when the latest of our London exchanges to reach us started over; but Americans are less interested in its outcome than in the success with which it has advertised a form of operatic composition virtually extinct for centuries and now revivified. Perhaps its return to favor will in course of time influence our own operatic stage. The photographs of Miss Parnell's porcelain figures of characters in "Polly" which accompany this article are selected from a number specially photographed by the London *Illustrated News*.

SO FRENCH IS ONLY A GERMAN DIALECT!—Imagine the delight of a Parisian journalist on discovering Dr. Ernst Furhrmann, whose book entitled "The French Language Is Only a German Dialect," receives notice in the *Boersenblatt für den Deutschen Buchhandel!* "Not often do the Germans make us laugh, so let us make the most of this opportunity," says the Parisian, and translates for the readers of *Les Nouvelles Litteraires* a few paragraphs from the notice, thus:

"We see in this important work how the author found, upon a long and thorough study of French words, that there is not a single French vocable that has not been stolen from the German. The author does not refer to well-known terms easily recognizable in the French; he gives quite new interpretation to words nobody ever dreamed of, so great is the mutilation they have suffered since they first came into use. The French do not possess one word wholly their own; their language is but a German dialect!

"The author has discovered German words by the hundred; Frenchmen have no language of their own. Every German should read this book and buy it, as it will be of great value in the study of a language whose every word is of German origin.

"A result of two years' study, the book will be a sensation in linguistic circles; it is a pleasure to know the French are employing a language entirely stolen from the German, tho every word has been mutilated and altered to an incredible degree."

UNIVERSITIES RUINED BY THE SOVIETS

IGNORANT "RED" PROFESSORS abound in the Russian universities, we read, and loud is the protest against them from "even the least trained of students," who have "a natural feeling that they are being insulted." Meanwhile, the People's Commissariat of Education have forcibly removed "a number of great scholars and lecturers" for "showing more or less clearly their critical attitude toward the Soviet policy" in such matters. As we are told, "the order of things which existed before the Soviets, by which only persons possessing the degree of Doctor or at least M.A. could be professors, was abolished," and the degrees also, and "all lecturers who had taught for three years were automatically promoted to be professors" by way of establishing "social equality." Then, so an anonymous article in the *Slavonic Review* informs us,

"The Soviet Government went still further in its destruction of the very foundations of normal university life: completely emancipating itself from the view generally accepted in all civilized countries, that the intimate direction of universities must be in the hands of real scholars, it set at their head persons who had not even had the most modest education; for instance, the present Rector of Moscow University is Volgin, a member of the Communist party, who has not only published nothing, but has not even passed those tests of the latest type which, by previous regulations, were necessary for admission as a lecturer.

"No less harmful have proved the measures of the Soviet Government as to the personnel of university students. The method pursued for three years—of accepting any candidates on a mere age qualification, as belonging to the human race—has resulted in extremely motley audiences of persons most unequal in educational attainment, which has put university teachers in a perfectly impossible position, making it extremely difficult to fix the standard to be followed in lectures and practical work. It is true that later this obviously impossible system, so characteristic of the Soviet Government, was abolished, but that which succeeded it is still more abnormal. Access to the universities has been given by preference to those persons who could present recommendations from various organizations specially favored by the Soviet Government, or, best of all, by the Communist party. Thus, as a matter of fact, the universities have been turned into higher colleges for privileged persons."

By "privileged persons" the writer means persons enjoying the favor of the Soviet Government, which considers chiefly "the origin of the person in question." Thus "there have been cases where the note, 'son of a doctor,' has caused admission to be refused." Moreover,

"To the phenomena already mentioned must be added—(1) the complete abolition or the severe restriction of university teaching in a large number of humane studies (law, political and economic science, philosophy, philology); (2) overloading of the university programs with all kinds of 'socialist' subjects; (3) constant changes, particularly in the humane studies, introduced with feverish rapidity and inconsequence into the organization of the Faculties, and other defects of the same kind.

LADY OF THE TOWN IN SCARLET

"Complete deprivation of professorial bodies of even the most modest rights of self-government, grievous and continuous administrative oppression, rude invasion of political tendencies sharply expressed, unnatural selection of teachers and students, rough-handed removal from both these bodies as far as possible of all

LADY OF THE TOWN IN GREEN

that does not suit the views of the Government, arrogant and completely incompetent interference in all details of the work of instruction—such is the true picture of the universities under Soviet rule.

"To this must be added the terrible material and moral conditions in which are placed both professors and students of the Higher Schools, excepting those who belong to the privileged Workers' Faculties.

"Lavishly spending the already miserable resources of the country on the upkeep and training of the Red Army and on propaganda of Communism in Russia and beyond her frontiers, the Soviet Government apportions to the universities only pitiful crumbs out of the general state budget."

ANY ONE'S VOCABULARY OF 10,000 WORDS

"BOOBOISIE" EXPLAINS ITSELF. It is "a coined word formed by dropping the *y* from the good, old English word 'booby' and adding 'oisie' as in bourgeoisie." But an interviewer who has been talking with Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, editor of the New Standard Dictionary, reminds us that "booboisie" still lacks official sanction, tho that is not for want of enthusiasm on the part of word-fanciers who besiege Dr. Vizetelly with requests that "booboisie" be admitted to the dictionary. In spite of all, he remains obdurate, we are told, and says, "since its usage, however, so far as we know, is restricted to the person who coined it, it has been detained at the Ellis Island of the dictionary until it can prove that it will not become a public charge and an added burden to those who strive to use correct English."

MRS. DUCAT

As played by Miss Winifred Hare.

Writing in the New York *Times*, the interviewer goes on to remark,

"Answering the letters of those who demand the inclusion of some new or the dropping of an old word takes almost as much of the time of the dictionary-makers as the work of lexicography itself. Not infrequently request is made for a 'vocabulary' by those who seem to think that such an article is to be had ready-made and apparently have not the time or inclination to ascertain how much of one they already possess. Yet Dr. Vizetelly has compiled a list of 1,500 words which 'everybody knows,' and which, he says, with the aid of the dictionary, will enable one in search of a larger vocabulary to possess a range of words usable for speaking or writing, almost without limit."

"The plain people, as Lincoln liked to call them, read and understand from eight to ten thousand words. If you have any doubt about this, consider for a moment the number of prefixes and suffixes that there are in the English language, and how many times these may be applied to root words. Then you will see how easily the given vocabulary of an individual can be increased tenfold or more times by the use of these simple additions."

Here Dr. Vizetelly proceeds to demonstrate:

"For example, take such words as 'abolish,' 'accent,' 'accept,' and 'access.' By adding suffixes we get:

"From 'abolish,' eleven words—abolished, abolishable, abolisher, abolishment, abolition, abolitional, abolitionary, abolitiondom, abolitionism, abolitionist, and abolitionize. From 'accent,' ten—accentor, accentric, accentual, accentualist, accentually, accentuality, accentuate, accentuable, accentuation, accentus. From 'accept,' sixteen—acceptable, acceptableness, acceptability, acceptably, acceptance, acceptancy, acceptant, acceptation, accepted, acceptedly, acceptilate, acceptilation, acception, acceptive, acceptor, and acceptress. From 'access,' seventeen—accessary, accessarily, accessariness, accessaryship, accessible, accessibility, accessibly, accession, accessional, accessit, accessive, accessively, accessorial, accessoriness, accessorious, accessory, and accessorily. This gives a total of fifty-four words. Add to these such other forms as may be made by the use of the common privatives, in non, un, etc., and we get an increase of twenty. Thus out of four parent words we have obtained a total of seventy-four. Apply this plan to 10,000 other parent words and the total could easily be increased to 740,000.

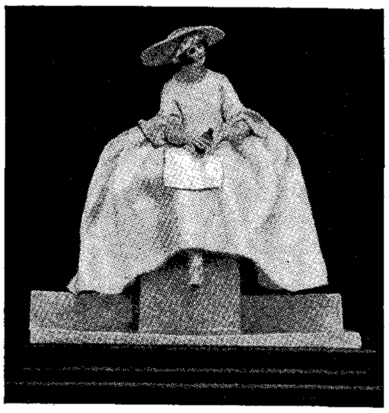
"The trouble with most of us is that we do not stop to think of the words we actually know when we consider this matter of our vocabulary. Let me suggest a 'Daily Dozen' for improving the vocabulary. Take for example, the words represented by *the objects a man sees or by what he does between the time he* gets up and the time he leaves his home for his office.

"He 'leaps' out of 'bed,' puts his 'bathrobe' on over his 'pajamas' and goes to the 'bathroom,' losing a 'slipper' on the way and hitting his 'elbow' on the 'door.' He turns the 'hot' and 'cold water' 'faucets' to fill the 'bathtub' and, after using 'tooth powder' and a 'toothbrush,' 'shaves' while his tub is filling, using 'razor,' 'shaving-brush,' shaving-soap' or 'cream,' perhaps he 'strops' his razor, perhaps he 'cuts' a 'pimple,' in which case he 'swears' and 'awakes' his 'wife,' who is 'irritated' at having her 'morning nap' 'broken up.' In the bathtub he uses a 'bath-brush.' His wife, through the 'crack' in the door, 'warns' him not to 'wet' the 'bath-rug.' He dries his 'body' with a 'towel,' if he is lucky enough to find one on the 'rod,' or perhaps he 'extracts' one from the 'clothes-basket.'

"If he watched his body as he drest and described what he saw he would enumerate a 'man,' 'standing' in 'front' of a 'mirror,' having a 'head,' 'trunk,' 'arms,' 'thighs,' 'legs,' and 'feet.' He knows that his body is composed of 'flesh,' 'blood,' 'skin,' 'bone,' 'muscle,' 'nerves,' 'hair,' and 'horn,' and that blood courses through his 'veins.' Without being an expert on 'physiology' he knows that he has 'ribs,' a 'backbone,' 'breast-bone,' 'collar-bone,' 'heart,' 'lungs,' 'stomach,' 'liver,' and 'kidneys.' He may remember his 'bronchial tubes' as they 'wheeze' when he bends over, and he may be reminded of his 'paunch' and 'breath' when he 'stoops' to 'lace' his 'shoes.' He sees 'eyebrows,' 'eyelashes,' 'eyes,' 'eyesockets,' 'eyeballs,' 'ears' with 'lobes,' a 'nose' with 'nostrils,' a 'mouth' with 'lips,' 'teeth,' a 'chin,' a 'beard,' a 'mustache,' 'whiskers,' 'gums,' 'face,' 'cheeks,' 'temples,' 'forehead,' 'jaw,' and 'tongue.'"

Word by word, Dr. Vizetelly follows this average American through the processes of dressing, and finds that—

"As he puts on his 'hat' and takes his 'stick' he has, without counting the words used in conversation with his wife with whom, for the purposes of this article, he is still on speaking terms, a vocabulary of 285 different words, and I haven't by any means covered the entire ground. He has used these 285 words in an hour's time. It is on such self-evident facts as these that I base my assertion that the plain people use, read or write from 8,000 to 10,000 words."



MRS. SLAMMEKIN

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

CHRISTIAN NATIONS URGED TO "TRY CHRISTIANITY"

KINGS, DICTATORS, Presidents and premiers—rulers of fifty-seven nations—are besought by a conference of 2,000 "plain people" to try Christianity as a means against war. Every other agency known to man has been put to the test, and failure has marked them all. War splotches nearly every page of history, and, as if the ruin of the "war to end war" were not sufficient for generations to come, every footfall in Europe to-day sounds to qualified observers like the rumble of another approaching battle. While the lull, as many regard it, is on, the International Conference on Christian Citizenship, a gathering of delegates from all parts of the United States and scores of foreign countries lately held at Winona Lake, Indiana, appeals to the heads of their governments to try Christianity, which George Bernard Shaw says has never yet been tried. The appeal was sent by cable to the European crowned heads and chief executives, and by mail to the others. The suggestion, remarks the Troy *Record*, "is a singularly wise one, especially in view of the fact that every other known method has failed." In spite of the League of Nations and the World Court and the Washington Armament Limitation Conference, we are told, there is no assurance that war is a horror of the past. "On the contrary, Europe is filled with rankling vindication and irritating and dangerous prejudices, jealousies and ambitions. Observers of the European situation declare that more causes for war exist in Europe to-day than existed in 1914, when Germany launched its premeditated drive into Belgium." But there is no need for despair. The world has made some gratifying progress. It is in an anti-war frame of mind. "It hopes against hope that a World Court may be influential in preserving peace; it trusts that armament limitation will not be a futile spasm born of the sorrows of a world war. Perhaps out of these efforts will come a more extensive and real application of the Christian spirit in international dealings."

Yet there is still ample room for fear. "Humanity is staggered by the possibilities of another war," recites the Winona conference. None of the recent high hopes has been realized. "Men hate each other as intensely as ever. Chaos reigns in every human relationship. Economic and political conditions have sunk to low levels." Now "the time has come to try Christianity. It has never failed in any field when given a fair chance." It is incumbent on every nation, we are told, to contribute toward a peaceful solution of all difficulties. To this desired end—

> "The nations of the world must depart from selfish individualism and human isolation. They should unite in creating new standards which are based upon the teachings of Jesus.
>
> "It should be recognized that nations are accountable to the same Christian principles as those which pertain to all Christian men and women as individuals. There is no double standard or morality and ethics—one for men and another for nations. . . .
>
> "We believe that the divine right of sovereignty and civil authority is vested in the nation and that the nation is an intelligent moral entity which God holds responsible for the use of sovereignty and authority which He has vested in it.
>
> "We believe that God's judgment can be averted only by national repentance for sin and national obedience to the laws of love and brotherhood and fair play, as taught by Jesus, and that such obedience will bring peace to the world and restoration of prosperity and happiness to all peoples."

What a significant confession it is, observes *The Christian Science Monitor*, that "the time has come to try Christianity" in the effort to solve "what heretofore has been regarded as an unsolvable problem. For nineteen centuries the answer to humanity's pitiful appeal has been available. Yet the struggle has continued, intermittently, perhaps, in the vain hope that by some self-chosen process the millennium of peace might be discovered." Now that all people are convinced of the futility of armed conflict and with the assurance that every conflict must be more destructive than its predecessor, "it is indeed time to 'try Christianity.'" But how is that to be done? inquires the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. "How is Christianity to be 'tried' as a means to the maintenance of peace?" As *The Globe-Democrat* believes:

> "The only way that Christianity can be tried in this matter is by the application to international relations of those principles of conduct which are found in the teachings of Jesus Christ, and of which he is the supreme exponent; and there is no way to apply them except by the establishment of international standards of comity and right, and of international rules of procedure in case of dispute, through international agreements to that end. Put the principles of Christ into international law and intercourse, and then, and not till then, will Christianity be effective for peace.
>
> "Abandon the holier-than-thou aloofness, put actual Christianity into international practise, give it a fair chance, and it will not fail to bring peace on earth, good-will toward men."

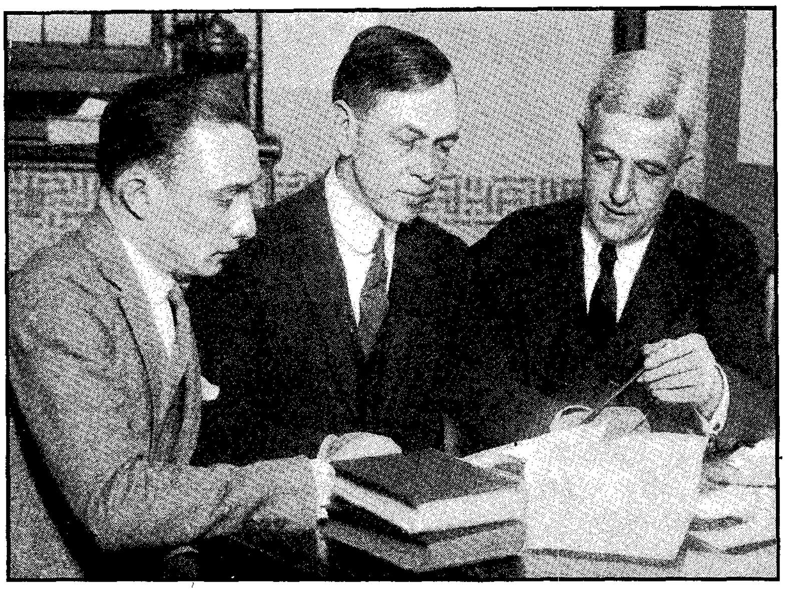
"Who doubts," asks the Pittsburgh *Post*, "that a whole-souled application of the Golden Rule would speedily put the world on a permanent basis of peace? Yet there always are politicians who make the killing reservation that the Golden Rule is not practical." So, "not until it is recognized as the only rule for peace and flatly accepted as such will the hoped-for new age arrive." What is most desired at this hour, in the opinion of the Denver *Rocky Mountain News*, is that all civilized nations "live up to the religions which they profess, and hatreds and prejudices and enviousness would recede and love would come to its own, for all religion worthy of the name is founded on love, not hate."

"The right to punish crime involves the duty of teaching morals," said Daniel Webster, and the Winona conference adopted the view that this "obviously fair principle makes it obligatory on the State to give a large place in the public schools' curriculum to instruction in morals, to require that every child shall be carefully instructed in the righteousness of the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount." Among other things, the Conference advocates the adherence of the United States to the World Court and the outlawing of prize-fighting, and criticizes New York and Maryland for their lack of State Prohibition enforcement laws. This leads the Baltimore *Sun* to assert that the "Winona brethren" were curiously inconsistent at the very time they were calling on the peoples of the earth to stop fighting and love each other. *The Sun* goes on:

> "With one breath they denounced hate as the cause of human wo, and with the next they demanded that political war should be declared on New York and Maryland because these States have refused to accept the un-Christian doctrine of Prohibition tyranny. The Winona Conference solemnly 'urged that Maryland and New York be denied the right to send representatives to either branch of Congress until State Prohibition enforcement laws are on their statute books.' That is to say, nobody who disagrees with us has any rights we Winona Christians are bound to respect. If they refuse to accept our opinions, put Maryland and New York out of the Union and treat them as political convicts.
>
> "Christianity is the hope of the world. But not the Christianity that carries the Golden Rule in one hand and the sword of hate and tyranny in the other."

A "BODY AND SOUL" CLINIC

CLERGY COOPERATING WITH DOCTORS, or vice versa, as you please, for the welfare of body and soul is, if not exactly new, at least an adventure into "pietistic therapeutics" which besides receiving marked attention has the reported virtue of success. The new religio-therapeutic school is being conducted at the Episcopal Church of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, New York, under the auspices of the National Association for the Advancement of Scientific Healing started several months ago at a Town Hall meeting by Dr. Edward Spencer Cowles, neurologist and psychiatrist. Aiding Dr. Cowles are Dr. Gonzalo Espejo, brain surgeon; the Rev. Sydney Ussher, chaplain in the New York City Home and Neurological Hospital, Welfare Island; Dr. Victor Donnet, psychiatrist and pathologist, and others whose names are personally withheld.



PRACTITIONERS OF "PIETISTIC THERAPEUTICS"

Dr. Gonzalo Espejo, Dr. Edward S. Cowles and the Rev. Edward Cosbey, who are combining science and religion in treating disorders of the soul and body.

The religious phase of the work is in the hands of the Rev. Edward Cosbey, associate rector, while Dr. Norman Guthrie, the rector, is abroad. The metropolitan press has taken up the experiment as a prime bit of news and devoted columns to it, and it is reported that members of the medical profession, so far from frowning on it as being merely adventitious, have evinced an interest in its success. The method is combined of psychology, medical science and religion, the one or the other being strest as the case may demand. "The thing that matters," says Dr. Cosbey, as he is quoted in the press, "is not science, or theology, or religion, but the health of the patient." He wonders "who ever had the audacity to try to confine the Holy Spirit of God in a book or a church or an organization," and asserts that "the Holy Spirit of God manifests itself in every endeavor of life if we keep ourselves spiritually alive to receive it. It manifests itself," says the clergyman, "through the wise doctor and the good clergyman—it manifests itself through the good bricklayer for that matter, or through any one who is faithfully performing the work in the world that God Almighty has given him to do." Man, we are told, is a trinity of body, mind and soul—all essential to the make-up of the complete man. "When something is wrong with any of the three," says Dr. Cosbey, "the man is sick—this is especially true of nervous disorders—and it will be the endeavor of this course to find out which part of the man is injured and make it well again. We will have little to do with palliative measures. We seek radical cures."

Much morbid thought, due to exhaustion, nervous fears, depression, mental conflicts, may be seen about us, says Dr. Cowles, whose thesis on the new method of cure is widely quoted. Too often, we are told, the sufferers are but plunged into deeper misery because of the doctor's lack of sympathy, lack of knowledge, or lack of confidence in his own treatment, and "to his everlasting dependence upon medicines, when in his own heart he knows that they are of little value in nervous disorders." Failing elsewhere,

"These people then appealed to the churches and their ministers, but found little consolation. To those sick souls a sermon from the pulpit meant nothing save often to deepen their agony and make them feel that God and man alike had deserted them in their suffering. Many of these people are unable to stand the rigidness and mechanical, impersonal atmosphere of their churches. Then, on leaving the churches and entering on innocent amusement for mental diversion they are often censured by the church for their lack of sincerity and spiritual devotion.

"The intelligent clergy of this parish, studying the problem, could see that thousands upon thousands of sick souls and bodies were being yearly swept away from the church and the medical profession alike into as many different creeds and cults. These people whose spiritual ills were reacting upon their bodies needed no theoretical sermon nor any form of science given in a cold mechanical way, but a heart big and true, patient and sympathetic to understand the meaning of their sufferings. They needed a heart to heart talk, some one to show them the little inconsistencies in their views, to relieve their morbidness, to break their loneliness, to eliminate their self-centeredness, to reestablish their faith in God's personal touch and loving kindness."

The real cause of nervousness in about 95 per cent. of the cases, says Dr. Cowles, is due to the mind, and the cause being psychical, psychical treatment is demanded. Under the new method, the minister discusses the case with the patient "and tries by reasoning and explanation to show him the fallacy of his doubts and fears." When the patient is relaxed and his mind quiet, the minister "may speak words of comfort, reassure him of his faith in God, reassure him of the Father's love and everlasting protection, and then command the will to be strong and the quiet powers of his inner life to take possession of him." If the case calls for medical treatment, that is applied. "One of the significant things that we shall accomplish," says Dr. Cowles, "will be to make the average physician and the average clergyman realize that religion and science go hand in hand." The Church has hitherto considered the natural body and the spiritual body as separate units, and it is the clinic's purpose to put them together "and make of them a whole man that functions as a unit mentally, physically, socially and spiritually."

On entering its second week the clinic is said to have been attended by 250 people, and the next two weeks were solidly booked. Some of the cases were of "multiple personality," said by Dr. Cowles to be surprizingly common in New York. A man may be perfectly normal in one minute; in the next "he may become violent, abnormal and even criminal. He is not insane. His other personality is victor for the time being." Then there are the "fear" cases, as of those who are afraid to sleep alone, to go into a subway, or of those who think they have some disease.

"This thing which is being done," says the Rev. Guy Emery Shipler, editor of *The Churchman*, an Episcopal liberal organ, "is just a part of the great new religion. It will be opposed by those who still keep their eyes on the shell religion. Sooner or later we shall have in this and every country a new revelation. We shall no longer think of prayer as addrest to some God far from us."

THE SALVATION ARMY'S WEST POINT

By courtesy of the New York "Times"

FROM CONFUCIUS TO CHRIST

Wong Chong, after hearing the call of the Salvation Army one night, "profest a longing for something better," and is now one of the graduates of its cadet school.

THE MILITANT CHRISTIANITY of the Salvation Army is cradled in a West Point of its own, located on a hillside in the Bronx, New York City, where the training is as rigorous, perhaps, as that required in the United States Military Academy on the Hudson. The Salvation Army cadets must measure up to an exacting physical and spiritual standard, and mentally, says a writer in the New York *Times*, they would compare with the average student body. Qualifying for the course does not come easily. It comes only as a reward of three or four years' training in the army atmosphere, and cadets, we are told, are picked with a special eye to the quality of their resolution, for life in the Army is not a mere matter of drum-beating and psalm-singing. When the year in college is finished the graduates become probationary officers, commissioned either as lieutenants or captains, when they must undergo trial for another year. They must study during this period, and are required to read specified books, on which they must afterward pass an examination. If they measure up at the end of this period they attain the full rank of officers. The college is conducted on a military basis, and the writer tells us:

"Students rise by bugle at 6:30 in the morning and go to bed by 'taps' at 10 o'clock. Each student takes care of his own bed, does his own laundry, and has a certain part of the building to keep clean. They are exceptionally well housed in a fine Gothic building originally built as an orphanage, but acquired some few years ago by the Army. Students do all of the cooking and handle the every-day tasks throughout.

"The claim that this is the most economically administered educational institution in the United States is borne out by figures. The weekly payroll for thirteen members of the faculty and staff is $82. Colonel Charles Miles, the principal, and Mrs. Miles, his chief assistant, receive just $16 a week between them. The only outside employee is the engineer, who is paid $30 a week, or twice the compensation of Colonel and Mrs. Miles. Colonel Miles is a preceptor who rules with an understanding hand, and the visitor instinctively feels the cheerfulness and well-being of those under his guidance."

Interesting personalities are often to be found among the cadets. In the class of 203 recently graduated, the *Times* writer tells us, was William Dinwoodie, until recently night city editor of a Cleveland newspaper. A young man, who by education and training might have looked forward to a rising career in journalism, "he has elected to don the Army uniform and go forth in the byways of life, seeking to do what service he may for the other fellow. That the choice is one which has brought him comfort and resolution may be deduced from a glance at his earnest, serious face. He talks about his days in a newspaper office as something that is passed, and looks forward to his new work with a vision which could be inspired only by high purpose and deep faith." Among the many contrasts offered in the Army is Wong Chong, who has had, we are told, a varied career, "but sees ahead of him the fulfilment of a call which he first heard when he kneeled at the drumhead of the Army on a corner one night and first profest a longing for something better." Another contrast cited is Charles Blanchard, "who went through that affair in France with the Third Army," and "did a good bit of fighting between times as lightweight champion of the Eighth Division." He was a "bantam of the true fighting breed," and now "is ready to take his place in leading another kind of campaign, one which is intended to save men instead of destroying them." There are several former soldiers among the new officers of this spiritual army, and Colonel Miles, who has forty-two years' service behind him as an Army worker in all parts of the world, has this to say, as the *Times* writer quotes him:

"Fundamentally every man is religious, altho he may not suspect it himself. Often this instinctive veneration for his Creator and longing to reach a higher plane do not become active until he undergoes stress of spirit. I believe that soldiers who have entered the Army will become some of our most valuable officers, because all of them are imbued with a fine aspiration toward nobler things. The events of their soldier days have helped them to gain a gentleness and humility which is the true basis of Christian character."

A MOVIE-MADE REPUTATION—If America lived up to the reputation given it by American-made motion pictures selected for the foreign field, we would be ready for another Christopher Columbus and another body of colonists. Read what the London *Evening News* recently published as a description of America based on what one might learn about it from American moving-pictures shown in England:

"It is inhabited in the East by unscrupulous but enormously successful business men, who devote their nights to squandering in cabarets their ill-gotten gains of the day before. In the West 'bad men' rob stage coaches and banks and shoot sheriffs and their partners in crime and spend a good deal of time rolling on the ground in attempts to gouge each other's eyes out. The North is peopled by bearded scoundrels, who go there to escape from the law, to steal mining claims and to menace lonely girls snowbound in log cabins. The South is notable for cacti and half-breeds. The last-named have no particular vice; they are just bad."

CURRENT - POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned.

KIPLING has told us that "there are nine-and-sixty ways of constructing tribal lays, and every single one of them is right." So with verse-making in general. The least promising method will succeed—even that of straight reporting—granted only that the poet knows how to use it effectively. For example, in "American Poems and Others," we find a delightfully successful experiment called:

APPROACHING AMERICA

By J. C. Squire

Came first, five hundred miles from port,
A perching bird of homely sort,
And next in tumbling waters grey
Nantucket's gallant lightship lay
Rocking, lonely, small and black,
A moment's friend upon the track.

And then at night from shores unseen
Shone sparsely scattered lights serene,
Sweet tokens after all the days
Shifting and void of the sea's ways:
We watched past midnight to divine
The incredible shore's uncertain line;

Then, very wakeful, went below
Thrilled a new continent to know,
Long talked about in commonplace,
Now a strange planet reach'd through space;
We drained the flask we dared not keep
And laughed and talked ourselves to sleep.

Chill dawn; and through the porthole's glass
Firm-circled by its ring of brass
A smoother sea, a warming fold
Of woods, browned with a year grown old:
The coast-line of an English shire
And in the midst a cosy spire.

Solent and Staten Island, these
Greet sisterly across the seas,
And in confederate kindness spread
For every stranger newly sped
From either to the other shore
Scenes he has known and loved before.

Anchored we waited. The ship stirred.
The shore went past. O dawning word
That filled our souls with silent awe!
Lovely things from heaven we saw,
Over the waters far up stream
Sublime companions of a dream:

A fair phantasmal company
Of goddesses in the morning sky,
Concourse serene of starry powers
Musing on other worlds than ours!
The water sparkled: the sun shone:
Mysteriously they were gone.

Gone: in their places fixt appearing
A mass of buildings, heightening, nearing,
A noble group fit for a great
New hemisphere's majestic gate,
Till as we slowly steamed ahead
In straggling line the cluster spread.

Each up its slice of skyway goes,
Windows in thousand chessboard rows;
Pointed and lean and broad and blunt
Behind the rusty water-front,
In random rivalry they climb
The oddest pinnacles of Time.

As successful, we think, is a poem contributed to *The Measure* (New York)—

THE THEATRE

By John Masefield

After the traffic with its roars and glares
One treads in dimness upon velvet stairs
Into a dark where women strip the sheets
(That gleam a moment) from the velvet seats.

Stilly they work, then go; the doors creak, then
Two programme sellers whisper about men
(Or other subject hardly to be spoken)
The silence of the cave is else unbroken.

In front, the great arch, that the curtain fills,
Gleams from its columns: on the boxes' sills
The rounded Loves shine where they catch the light.
Above, mysterious darkness infinite
Arises tier on tier. A woman stands
Surveying all, with programmes in her hands.

The lights go up, the crowd comes shuffling in.
Under the screen the violins begin
To tune and pluck, the wood-wind groans, musicians
Gossip, drop music, joke and change positions.

The Pit is filled. The Stalls, with sleekness shining,
Come glossy from the groom or suave from dining.
They edge past others to their seats with cringes;
The turn-down seats collapse upon their hinges.
The men smooth hair, the women twitch their shawls.
The Circles focus glasses on the Stalls.

More women enter in, more sleek men follow;
Light, laughter, greetings, chatter, fill the hollow;
The violin-strings tune, the wood-winds groan,
All present act a person not their own
But dreamed of and assumed; attendants glide
Pointing the seats to parties whom they guide.

A man (an actor by his mask-like face)
Stands at a doorway looking on the place;
Those who have recognized him nudge and stare
With "That is he; the tall one, with the hair."

Struggling to's place, a man apologizes,
Treading on toes. The safety-curtain rises
Behind, the curtain trembles, fold on fold,
Dim velvet heavy with a fringe of gold.

Now all the thousand watch, while others come
Excitement (that stirs all) makes silent some;
There in the seats whence loudest babbles rise
Some stare in silence and with glistening eyes.

Then in the babble comes the baton's tap,
A hushing follows on a broken clap,
Then, ere the tumult recommences, comes
The pleadings of the strings, the march of drums.

Now all are touched in their intensest trait
To battle, or to pardon, or to pray,
Or to exult in love with thoughts of giving
Unworded benediction on all living;
And still the doors are thronged and people press
In, to their seats, and trip on foot or dress.

Now an electric bell its signal burrs,
The music stops, men hush, the brilliance blurs
Into a dimness, then the dimness dies
To darkness, and the voices become eyes.
The fifteen hundred individuals cease;
They are an expectation not at peace
But waiting to be shaken; then O, wonder!
The veils of darknesses are drawn asunder,
The scene is bared, O my beloved, look
It is Illyria; listen to the Duke.

The Lyric West has this picture of the desert.

DESERT DUSK

By William Foster Elliot

Isled here a moment from the rising swell
Of night that brims these canyons like a sea,
  I watch the desert's brazen savagery
Levelled like lands that mighty waters quell.
Stern is this touch, yet merciful its spell,
  Which can so soothe the wind-tormented sands,
  And make a temple of these outcast lands,
Where for a night the peace of God may dwell.

Vain were a Noah! Yet this flood foreshows
  End of a life through deserts come to age;
  The closing down of eyes that vainly weep;
That gracious respite which the spirit knows,
  Summoned from passion's tyranny and rage
  To taste the larger dignity of sleep.

To the Literary Review of the New York *Evening Post* we are indebted for these lines:

ON A PORTRAIT OF DR. JOHNSON

(By Sir J. Reynolds, now owned by A. E. N.)

By Christopher Morley

This is the Doctor Johnson of the "Prayers"—
  That great, tormented, craggy man, who poured
His sloth, his loving kindness, and his cares
  In agonized petitions to the Lord.

O rough, pure, stubborn, troubled soul: for whom
  A smile of special tenderness men keep—
Who prayed for strength "to regulate my room,"
  And "preservation from immoderate sleep." . . .

If life brought Doctor Johnson to his knees
It may bring others also, if you please—
Bachelors of Arts . . .
            And LL. D's.

Mr. Bynner brings back such moods from the East as these in lines in the *New Republic*:

WISTARIA

By Witter Bynner

Clouds dream and disappear;
Waters dream in a rainbow and are gone;
Fire-dreams change with the sun
Or when a poppy closes;
But now is the time of year
For the dark earth, one by one,
To show her slower dreams. And nothing she has ever done
Has given more ease
To her perplexities
Than the dreaming of dreams like these:
Nor irises,
Not any spear
Of lilies or cup of roses,
But these pale, purple images,
As if, from willows or from pepper-trees,
Shadows were gleaming on the Buddha's knees.

The author of these lines tells us she wrote them "on the China Sea," and she adds "Giant tree ferns and orchids of the tropics make Vermont only more dear." Burlington is her home and *The Measure* (July) publishes her poem.

MORE LOVELY THAN A MOUNTAINSIDE

By H. Underwood Hoyt

Your shoulders hold more beauty than a hill
Holds when the wind curls over it in summer;
You are more lovely than a mountainside
All overgrown with end-of-August flowers:
Blue gentian, and blue thistles, and blue asters;
Lean softly toward me: you are lovelier
Than a grey pine-tree standing in the sun.
Your hands are kind: touch me and make me know
You are more strong than all the winds that blow.

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

UNCLE SAM'S HOUSEKEEPING AT ELLIS ISLAND

"THE PRISONS CONDUCTED by the Soviet Government are not more dirty or more favorable for disease than the hall on Ellis Island where I was confined with a thousand men and women. I have been through worse things than Ellis Island's Tower of Babel, but I have never been forced to live in such filth and under such unhygienic conditions." The speaker quoted thus in the metropolitan press is the Baroness Mara de Lilier Steinheil, a Russian woman of culture and education, who could make these statements on the basis of experience, for in addition to having been jailed by the Soviets, she was detained for three days at the "Gateway to America" by immigration authorities here. However, many editorial pens in the United States echo the observation of the New York *Sun and Globe* that "a sense of outrage may have led the Russian baroness to magnify the hardships she endured during her three days' detention" at Ellis Island. It might be that she unconsciously drew a too highly colored word portrait of conditions there because she perhaps had expected to find it an example of that spaciousness, cleanliness and elegance for which our nation is, justly or unjustly, celebrated abroad.

DINING IN CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN STYLE

To the victor belongs the spoils at these tables set aside for immigrants of the steerage class in the well-named "mess" halls on Ellis Island.

It seems to be generally admitted that Ellis Island is not spacious (being, in fact, wofully overcrowded), not elegant, except in the sense that Army barracks might be considered elegant, and not even up to the customary American standards of spotlessness. This last deficiency is the most important, as it constitutes the grounds for the Baroness's grievance against us. A description of the actual living conditions there is furnished in two articles in the New York *Tribune* by Ishbel Ross, a reporter who visited the island and made a thorough inspection of its accommodations. This writer gives us the reassuring information that the Government is doing everything humanly possible to keep the place clean and healthful, and that if dirt and disease germs do gain a foothold, it is the fault of the immigrants themselves, especially the steerage class, most of whom are ignorant of the benefits of soap and are desirous of remaining blissfully ignorant thereof. Says Miss Ross:

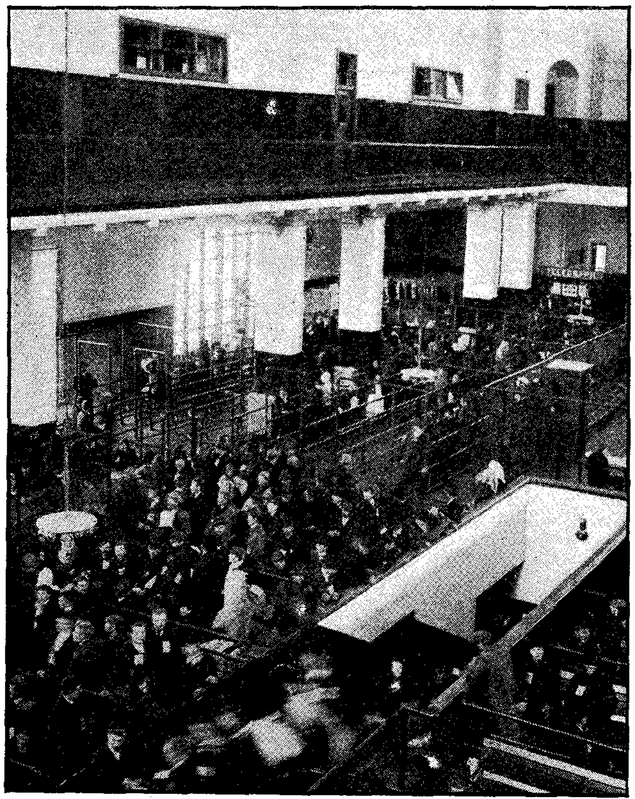
> Conditions at Ellis Island, so far as hygiene and cleanliness are concerned, are the conditions that the immigrants themselves create. They are given immaculate surroundings to start with, but it is a physical impossibility for the huge staff of day and night laborers to keep the buildings in perfect order the entire round of the clock. At present 2,000 foreigners spill themselves over the island each day with their varying codes of personal and community cleanliness.
>
> When Baroness Mara de Lilier Steinheil, a Russian of gentle birth, declared the other day that she had never been forced to live in such filth and under such unhygienic conditions, and that her three days there were worse than anything in Bolshevik prison camps, she was making a superficial observation of a situation that defeats the most persistent attempts at sustained cleanliness.
>
> A survey for which no special preparations were made showed that the women's quarters were kept scrupulously clean; that excellent nursery provision was made for the children; that steerage passengers had tiled bathrooms only slightly inferior to those in first-rate hotels; and that the food was fresh, wholesome and not unattractively served.
>
> Against these amenities are the obvious disadvantages of overcrowding, of lack of privacy, of tainted air, of scattered rubbish and unpleasant odors. The authorities themselves are frank to admit these things. They say they would remedy them if they could. As it is, they have a double shift staff of laborers working night and day cleaning up the litter that the foreigner insists on leaving behind him whichever way he turns. With mop and hose they wage a continual battle on dirt, but with 2,000 men, women and children crowded into inadequate quarters on hot summer days it is obvious that their task is like that of the woman in the fairy-tale who tried to empty a bucket of water with a spoon full of holes.
>
> It must unquestionably shock immigrants of any degree of refinement to come into intimate and enforced contact with the strange assortment of humanity that seethes into the country through the gates of Ellis Island. While first and second cabin passengers, frequently held on some technical ground, have separate sleeping-quarters and bathrooms, they have their meals in the same dining-room as the steerage hordes. During the day they occupy the second floor and pass their time on the balcony from which visitors used to observe the immigrants with curiosity before the island became too congested to permit of this diversion.
>
> Between 10 o'clock in the morning and 10 o'clock at night the dormitories are swept and hosed to a state of impeccable cleanliness. The rest of the time they are dirty and utterly chaotic with anywhere from 50 to 200 women and children in one dormitory. Between 10 o'clock at night and 10 o'clock in the morning the various detention rooms are equally spotless. All day long relays of cleaners combat the growing accumulation of dirt and disorder, but they never conquer it entirely until quiet reigns over the island and the immigrants have transferred their litter and their untidiness to the dormitories.
>
> This is how the situation seesaws night and day. The surprizing thing about it is the superiority of the equipment given the aliens and their inability to make proper use of it. If the dining-room is revolting, it is because the immigrants snatch at their food and do not understand the use of cutlery. If the people continue to be dirty while on the island, it is because they avoid the use of the bathtubs and the ubiquitous wash-basins.
>
> To begin with, practically all the rooms occupied by the immigrants have white tiled floors and tiling running half-way up

the walls. The only alternative is a red tiled floor. The advantage of this is that they clean easily under the onslaught of mop and hose. At the same time the white tiling shows up the dirt and somewhat exaggerates the impression of uncleanliness. Above the tiling the walls are painted in pale shades. The general impression of all this is favorable.

Passing on from general impressions to a definite description of the "Gateway to America" the reporter continues—

The main hall in the government building at Ellis Island is a huge room with red brick floor and wire partitions. It is only a temporary stopping-place for immigrants who are inspected, passed and are ready to go right through. They are served with coffee and sandwiches while undergoing formalities. Men, women and children mingle in this hall and in all divisions devoted to transportation arrangements to boards of special inquiry and to the other routine functions of the immigration authorities. No attempt is made to classify the various peoples according to their race. They usually find each other anyway. Negroes from the West Indies mingle with the white people, and this has been known to cause some revulsion at the dining-table.

A second hall corresponding to the main one, except that it is a covered porch, is devoted exclusively to the use of the steerage women and children, and here, indeed, are dirt and confusion all day long. Women sprawl over wooden benches and lean their heads on long tables in an abandonment of fatigue and bewilderment. The more active ones wash their own and their children's clothes in the wash-basins lining the porch. Then they hang them up to dry against the wire partitions. Babies cry and youngsters grovel on the floor, which is strewn with banana peelings, crusts of bread, paper bags and every conceivable kind of rubbish. Women mop up after them without any intermission, but it is a hopeless task. The noise and confusion persist. The air is heavy and odorous. Wire cages lining the walls are filled with the strange bundles that constitute their luggage.



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SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR

The immigrants in this picture are in the Detention Building, undergoing one of the numerous examinations to which they must submit to gain admittance to the Land of the Free.

Here you have the immigrant women in hundreds, still suffering from the fatigue of a long voyage, careless of their appearance and their clothes. Not a pretty sight for a baroness or any one who has not lived as they have lived. Yet frequently women of far different instincts must huddle in unpleasant promiscuity with the slovenly and the unclean; worse than that, must sleep in cots alined with theirs and eat at table with them. At present there seems no remedy for this, and the immigration officials have no discriminatory powers in the matter. They can not hand-pick the educated and segregate them from the illiterates that swarm at every point.

It is in the dining-room and sleeping-quarters that these exceptional cases must suffer most acutely. The dining-room itself is capable of seating 800, and is a finely ventilated room lined with windows and finished in white tiling. Wooden tables stretch lengthwise and crosswise and the immigrants are fed in shifts, men and women together. There are wooden benches for the steerage passengers and chairs for the first and second cabin. The table arrangements and food, however, are identical. All of the food is excellent. Before each meal rolls of plain white wrapping paper are unwound to cover the tables. The china is thick and heavy, but the cutlery is much better than in the average institution. Large loaves of home-baked bread stand endwise on the table as the immigrants file in and are seated at table. It is obvious that they are unaccustomed to the uses of knives, spoons and forks. They reach all over each other and make frantic attacks on that bread.

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HE'S NOT A CLANSMAN

The robed figure is a government inspector searching immigrants' baggage for the deadly typhus germs.

No one seems to pay the least attention to his next-door neighbor. They all appear to be famished and they eat with a noisy intensity that must shock any one of sensibility. They are served with dispatch by white-capped waiters. Here are average menus for a day:

Breakfast
Boiled Oatmeal with Milk
Stewed Prunes
Bread and Butter Coffee

Dinner
Lima Bean Soup (country style)
Beef Stew with Vegetables
Rice Pudding
Bread and Butter Coffee

Supper
Macaroni with Tomatoes
Apple Sauce
Bread and Butter
Tea and Coffee

In sharp contrast to the scene of careless squalor in the dining-hall is that in the "scrupulously kept kitchens where a monster machine washes and dries the dishes," where "the man who handles them wears white gloves," and where—

All the cooking equipment is scoured and shining. Bread is baked on the premises. Fresh milk is freely supplied to the immigrants and the butter is appetizing. There is a special kosher kitchen for the Hebrew immigrants. No one seems to have any complaint to make about the commissariat, except that some of the greediest diners snatch all the bread and secrete it in their clothing to eat later in the day. They always manage to have a plentiful stock, presumably acquired on the steamer, of fruit and sticky candy. To this they cling with obstinacy.

Altho supervised by the immigration authorities, the dining-room is rented out as a concession. The average cost of the

> meals is 18½ cents. It is borne by the steamship companies. No discrimination is made between first and second cabin and steerage passengers. One day in last July 2,126 persons sat down to dinner in relays. This is the busiest time of the year at Ellis Island.
>
> The confusion after the immigrants have eaten is indescribable. It is ample excuse for the paper tablecloth which can be rolled up and thrown away. Spoons, knives and forks are thrown in all directions. Plates seem entirely superfluous, and most of the food seems to land eventually on the table itself. Soup and coffee trickle to the floor in streams, and men and women clutch excitedly at the nearest loaf, thinking it must all be theirs. When thwarted they sometimes rise and walk around the table until they find an unappropriated loaf. The system is to cut the bread in chunks so that they can break off individual pieces, but few of them realize this. They want it all. This is more or less characteristic of the immigrant at Ellis Island.

Sleeping accommodations form one of the chief problems of Ellis Island, we are told, because some of the immigrants have to be housed for one night only and others for weeks, while their cases are before special boards of inquiry, or while they are awaiting deportation. It is not surprizing that, as the *Tribune* article informs us,

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DETENTION DOESN'T BOTHER THE KIDDIES

For Uncle Sam has provided a playground, and their mothers like to watch them having a good time there.

> This entails a good deal of discomfort, particularly for the women and children. Their detention is unexpected, and they are resentful and bewildered over the red tape that keeps them from their friends and new homes. Their sense of grievance is deepened when they find themselves consigned to dormitories where anywhere from fifty to two hundred women sleep. The sleeping-quarters of Ellis Island scarcely equal the living-quarters, but everything possible is done to keep them clean and in a sanitary condition.
>
> Naturally enough, with two hundred women sleeping in one room the air is anything but fresh, and the tier system of cots is too strongly suggestive of the berths on board ship, but in order to accommodate the daily rush they must literally be packed like sardines if they are to have sleeping room at all.
>
> The huge dormitories in which the women and children sleep have a succession of windows running along either wall. Breezes off the bay sweep in night and day. Otherwise the situation would be intolerable. Rows of double-deck wire cots run the full length of the room. This means that the immigrants are piled one above another as in the steerage. Only a narrow passage divides the rows. Privacy is impossible. Clothes are heaped at the foot of the beds in untidy rows. They have no mattresses, but the cots have resilient springs that save them from an excess of discomfort. Fresh gray blankets are provided every day and each person can have four or five blankets. They generally use one for a pillow. This provision does not worry them in the least, as it is a more comfortable arrangement than many of them experienced in their own homes. As soon as the blankets are taken off the cots they are carried down-stairs and first sterilized, then washed. When it is time to retire, each woman in passing takes her supply off a huge pile and can dispose of it for her children and herself as she sees fit.
>
> As far as cleanliness goes, the dormitories are like the other quarters—immaculate when the immigrants troop in; hideous when they go out. Chunks of bread, fruit peelings, papers, odds and ends of rubbish strew the tiled floors until they look as a public park looks after a holiday. By 10 o'clock in the morning the busy brooms and mops of the cleaners have undone the havoc of the night and the dormitories are cool and quiet, altho still a trifle malodorous.
>
> First and second cabin passengers are royally provided for, by comparison. They occupy smaller rooms with about a dozen cots. The double-deck system prevails for second cabin passengers, but not for those of first class. They have individual beds. Both classes have mattresses, white sheets, pillows and pillow-slips. The floors and walls present a fresh appearance with their newly scrubbed white tiles. Small stools painted white stand beside the beds, and the effect is very much like a corner in a hospital ward.
>
> Sanitary arrangements throughout the women's quarters of Ellis Island are excellent except for the obvious lack of privacy. Individual bathrooms are connected with the dormitories occupied by first and second cabin passengers. Steerage passengers have shower-baths immediately off their dormitories, and scores of wash-basins with hot and cold water. In addition, they have the use of a large tiled bathroom with six tubs and snowy bath curtains, insuring them at least some degree of privacy. Each woman is given a cake of soap and a soft towel of good quality. Mirrors are hung conveniently in the dormitories and bathrobes and combs are supplied on request.

The one great failing of most of the immigrants, a failing which explains the "disgraceful" appearance of their quarters, is that they do not use bathtubs. In fact,

> The very suggestion makes them shudder. This is one of the fixt prejudices that the social workers try to overcome. Not only do the women themselves shrink from ablutions, but they try to keep their babies from the spotless nursery. This is one of the finest features of the island—a beautiful little nursery done in white and blue, and as dainty and complete as anything to be found in a children's hospital. A competent nurse is in charge who goes down among the immigrants and has literally to pry the babies away from their mothers in order to give them a bath. The Italian women are unteachable in this respect, the social workers say. They are sure that their babies will die if bathed. No one can persuade them to the contrary. They resent and fear this cleanliness that America solicitously thrusts upon them.
>
> A baby born on board ship came to port two days ago. The child was two weeks old and had not been bathed at all. He had no clothes. He was sick. He cried. He could not sleep. His mother did not know what was wrong. One of the welfare workers did. She had him sent up to the nursery. There the nurse in charge bathed and clothed him and gave his mother a lesson in baby care that she is not likely to forget. The child soon fell into a comfortable sleep.
>
> This is only one case, but it gives a concrete idea of what the social workers have to confront and of the impossibility of keeping Ellis Island irreproachably clean under such conditions. If the women stubbornly refuse to accept the help offered them, they can not be forced to bathe. The Scandinavians, Germans and Poles prove most amenable in this respect and show a greater desire for personal cleanliness than the other immigrants.
>
> The children are better off at Ellis Island than their parents. They have none of the worries of luggage, language or red tape. They have more playground space and fun than many of them have ever had before in their starved little lives. They have a roof playground that looks right out on the sparkling bay, and there they play under careful supervision. The older ones gaze wistfully across at the skyscraper outline of New York, their imagination dimly responding to the stimulus of a new world. On rainy days there is an inside nursery with a piano, swings, rocking-horses and all manner of diversions. Here the children pass their days in careless happiness until their parents take them on the ferryboat to New York. When whole families are held on the island for days, fathers are permitted to join their wives and children in the playrooms during the daytime.

As might be expected, "first and second cabin passengers

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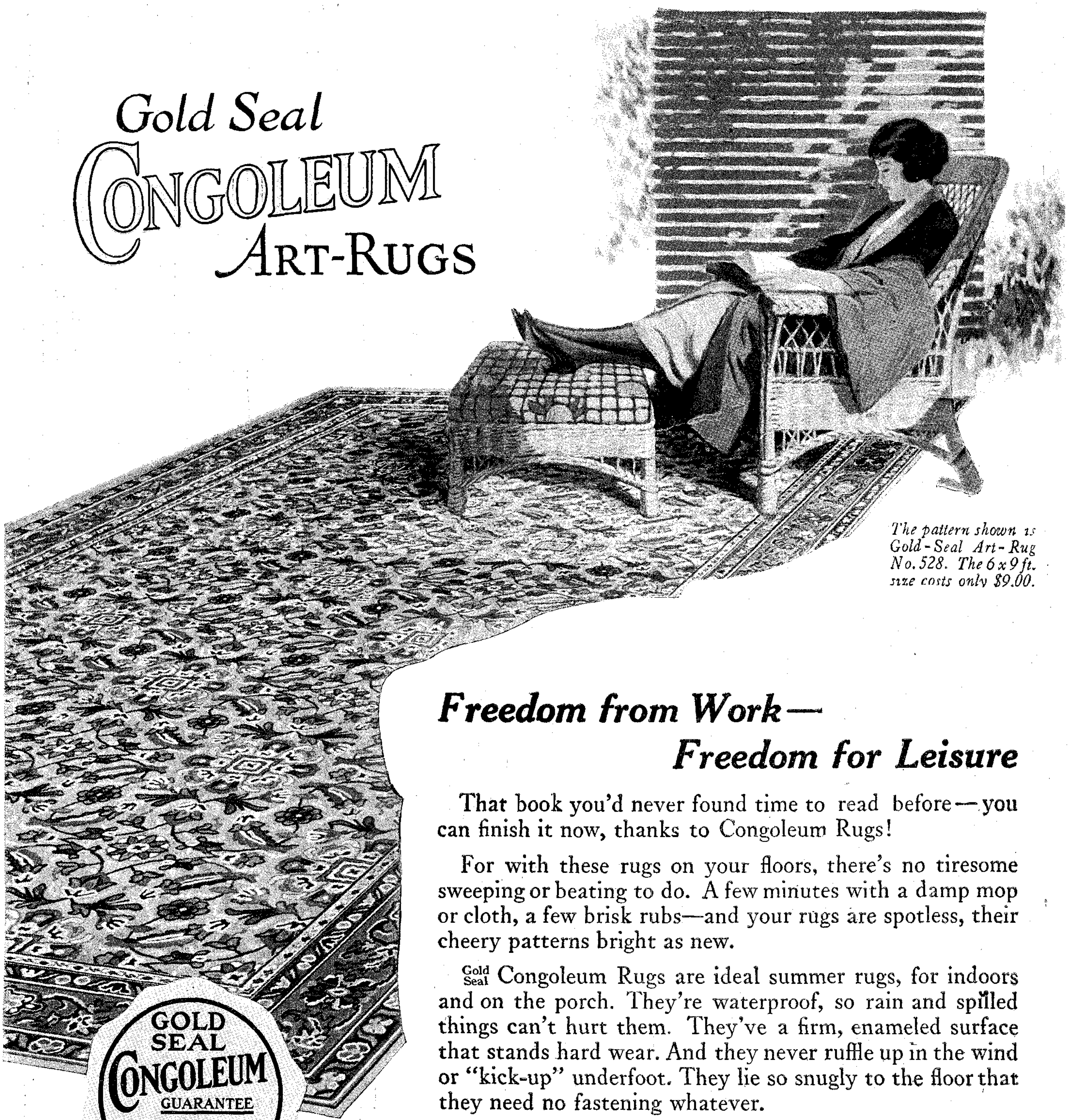

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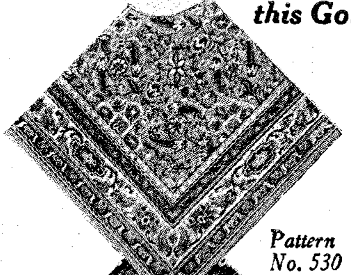

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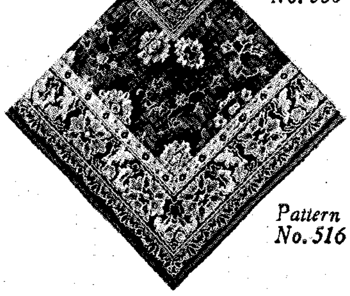

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To these advantages add artistic patterns appropriate to every room in the house—and amazingly low prices. You'll find no other floor-covering that can compare with *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs. See them—at your dealer's—today.

6 x 9 feet	$ 9.00
7½ x 9 feet	11.25
9 x 9 feet	13.50
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The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.

1½ x 3 feet	$ .60
3 x 3 feet	1.40
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keep pretty much to themselves." Miss Ross points out that—

> They are enabled to do this because they occupy smaller and more comfortable rooms with mirrors and wash-basins, and do not have to go with the crowds in the large public rooms. Their treatment is more individualistic. They appear to litter up their quarters almost as much as the steerage passengers do, altho occasionally a fastidious woman can be seen trying to disassociate herself from the dirt and confusion around her. First and second cabin passengers find it particularly unpleasant to be detained. They have no idea on sailing that they run any risk of being held, and they resent the officialdom that suddenly raises barriers to their entry. Seven boards of inquiry work all day long examining special cases.
>
> The number held for special inquiry varies greatly. When a vessel brings in a poor class of immigrant, it may reach 25 or 30 per cent., and all of these people have to stay on the island for several days in consequence. In addition to all the statutory grounds for exclusion, such as ill-health, insanity, polygamy, anarchy and criminality, there are three classes which cover the cases that come most frequently to public attention. These are: Persons coming to perform labor under contract; persons whose ticket or passage has been paid for by any association, municipality or foreign government; children under sixteen unaccompanied by either parent, except in the discretion of the Secretary of Labor.
>
> It was the first of these three provisions that the Baroness Steinheil encountered. In a case of this kind there is bound to be indignation. The authorities constantly hold women who obviously do not belong to the immigrant class, but it is impossible to make them understand that this is the law and not the pleasure of the officials at Ellis Island.
>
> One welfare worker told of handling between 300 and 400 Russians on July 3 and 4, all of whom were of the same social status as the baroness. She instanced the case of an English woman, a graduate of Oxford, fluent in seven languages, who had married a Russian and had fallen on hard times. They arrived without a cent—both of them highly cultured people. They were taken care of by the Russian Refugee Association. Russia especially is pouring this type of immigrant into the country now, and altho they have to go through the mill at Ellis Island, along with the most illiterate of Europe, they are most appreciative of everything done for them, according to a welfare worker whose bureau has handled 6,000 immigrants in the last six months.
>
> This is one of the features of Ellis Island invaluable to the women and children who go through it—the welfare bureaus. There are nearly a score of them, taking care of the various nationalities, with interpreters to converse in the most obscure dialects and smooth out the rough road of the immigrant into the United States.

This description of life on Ellis Island apparently bears out the contention of American editorials that the Russian noblewoman unwittingly exaggerated the discomforts when she gave vent to her diatribe. C. M. Oberoutcheff, a fellow-countryman of the Baroness, who also was detained by the immigration officials, paints the situation in far rosier hues by remarking, in an article in the New York *Evening Post:* "Considering the fact that multitudes of immigrants are handled on Ellis Island daily, conditions there, except for the prison atmosphere, are quite tolerable. The rooms are spacious and well ventilated, altho frequently overcrowded. They can not boast of a high degree of cleanliness, but the circumstances under which they operate are quite extenuating." Mr. Oberoutcheff, who was military commander of Kiev under the Kerensky régime, finds the lack of library and newspaper reading-room facilities as perhaps the chief drawback to a happy existence at the "Gateway of America."

Returning to the United States after a year's absence, he nevertheless was forced to stay twenty-four hours on Ellis Island because his wife, who was making her first pilgrimage to this country, came under the Russian quota, which already had been filled. If she was to be admitted at all, a special dispensation would be needed. The husband was free to enter at once, but chose to stay with his wife, even if it meant the deportation of both to Russia. Of his arrival at Ellis Island Mr. Oberoutcheff says:

> The passengers of the first and second cabins were landed first and taken to a large, prison-like building. We were led to a large room and handed over to the authorities. The roll was called and the official left us.
>
> In the large reception-room we sat on benches apart from the mass of third-class passengers. At the doors were officials at their desks questioning the immigrants in their turn. We were not kept waiting long; an official called the roll of the second-class arrivals and handed each of us a pass for second-class accommodations. To be candid, it was only when we were in the dining-room that I noticed the distinction that was made between immigrants of the different cabins. First and second-class passengers were seated on chairs; the less fortunate third-class on benches. A similar distinction was made in the rations.
>
> Our case came up when the clock began to strike twelve, and was consequently put off until after lunch. We were removed to another room, where a crowd of people stood in expectation. The doors of the room were locked. In the center of the room a peddler was selling writing-paper, postage-stamps, and apples. I was about to make my first American purchase of some apples when we were called for dinner. Several corridors led to our spacious dining-room. The dinner was tasty and plentiful. It consisted of soup, roast, vegetables, bread and butter, and coffee. Milk was served for women and children. The third-class immigrants were seated apart and I noticed that their menu was not as well chosen as ours of the first and second class, nor was it as generous.

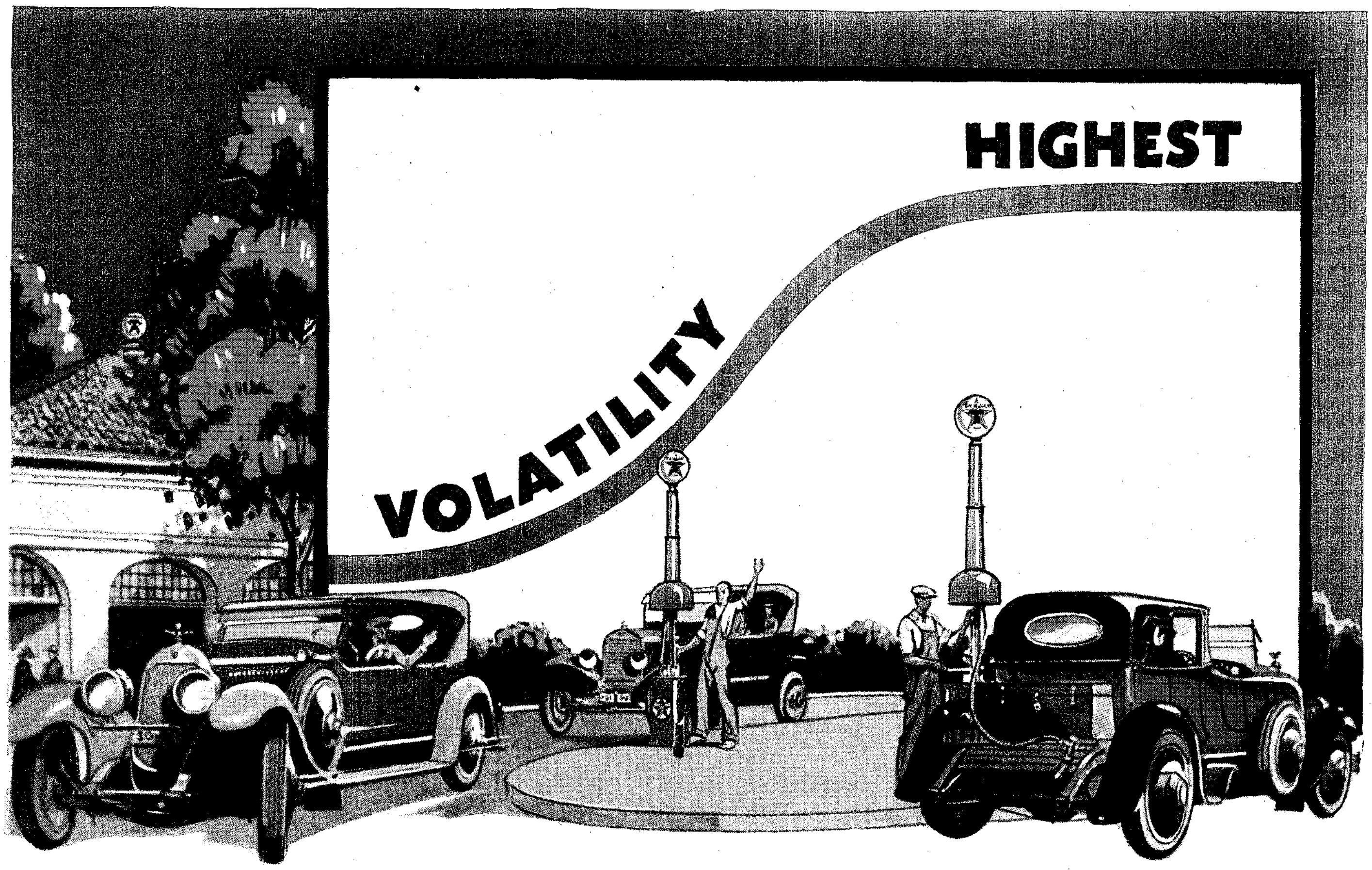
Mr. Oberoutcheff's wife finally was permitted to enter the United States with her husband, but before the officials condescended to this act of grace the couple had to spend a night on the Island, and the Russian speedily discovered that even in the living-quarters "passengers of the first and second cabin were separated from those of the third" and that—

> Our doors were not locked, but they were guarded, and the watchman allowed us to leave only for an airing in our corridor. In the rooms for third-class passengers the men and women are kept apart. These rooms are often overcrowded to the point of suffocation.
>
> The older folk either lay on the bare benches, surveying in solitude their fortunes, or walked up and down the floor. The younger folk were more socially minded. They invented various ways and means to pass the time away. They indulged in all sorts of games. I recall a young Italian, who was nicknamed there "Caruso." He sang for the crowd and entertained in devious ways. He was a jolly fellow and once played a prank by cutting out of cardboard a badge resembling that of the guard and beginning to call the names of the detained immigrants to come forward for a hearing or release, or to meet friends.
>
> The children soon got accustomed to the new environment, and in blissful ignorance of what awaited them made friends and played away to the point of forgetfulness.
>
> All this contributed to the constant noise in the corridor and rooms, so that it was absolutely impossible to concentrate upon any thought or even to read intelligently. The suspense and forced idleness are the greatest ordeals of all those sentenced to wait on Ellis Island.
>
> It was on a Wednesday, the day set for entertainment. At 7 o'clock in the evening we were ordered to attend a motion-picture show. The cabin passengers were seated on the balcony and those of the third-class in the orchestra. This compulsory attendance at a picture show amazed me. After the picture show we were taken to our sleeping-quarters, which were on the same floor. The beds in the sleeping-rooms were of the triple-deck kind. We were given four blankets each, but no pillows or sheets, which indispensable comfort would require.
>
> My lot was cast in a room of Italians; a jolly company, to be sure. No provision was made there to accommodate people with families, and men and women are kept separately. I asked the attendant to put me in a non-smoking bedroom, but my request did not avail me.

Mr. Oberoutcheff sums up the situation by observing:

> The immigrants are treated in a cold and formal way, but without insult. If the unnecessary shouting by attendants upon transferring immigrants from one room to another would subside a bit, the impression upon the troubled minds of the newcomers would not be so intimidating. When I asked a negro worker to wipe the water, which his pail left on a bench, he answered me harshly that there were other benches to sit on.

A far more spirited defense of the Island's management is presented by the new Commissioner of Immigration, at Ellis Island, Henry H. Curran, the defeated Fusion candidate in the last mayorality election in New York. He calls attention to "vast improvements" recently made.



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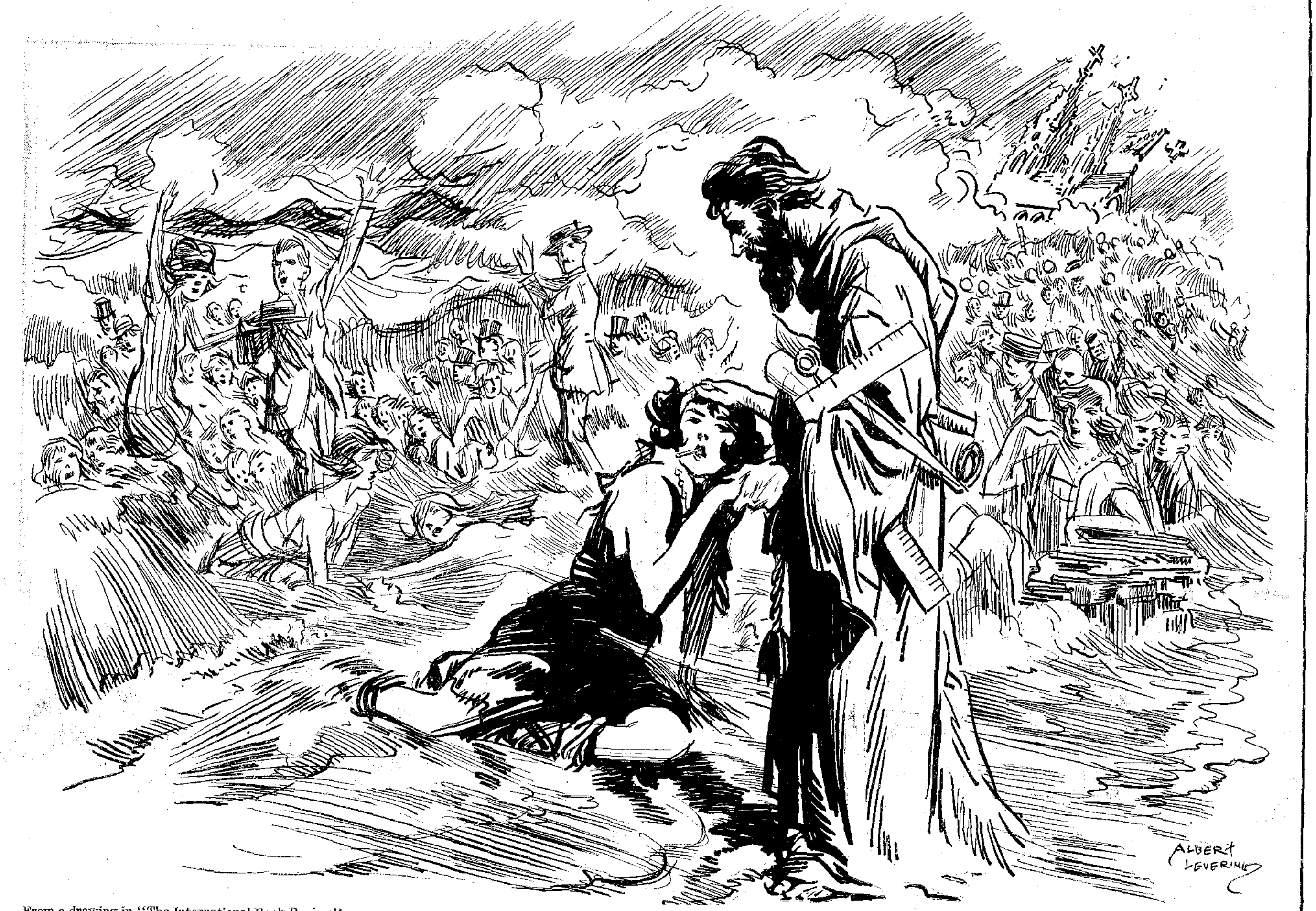

From a drawing in "The International Book Review"

"I RECKON HE'D GET DOWN TO THE MULTITUDE, AND MAKE A FEW INQUIRIES"

One of the characters in that much-discust religious novel, "Simon Called Peter," makes this commentary on the place of the Man of Nazareth and his teachings in the world of to-day.

A GODLESS YOUNGER GENERATION—IN FACT AND FICTION

CHARACTERS THAT "cling to the Rock of Ages" or "welcome a cross to bear" are notably absent from the rising generation, as it is reflected in the works of our younger writers of fiction. Somewhere and somehow religion has gone out of the picture. Even upstanding idealism, which might be called religious in its nature, has become a matter chiefly useful to inspire clever epigrams and cynical fancies. So, at least, a recent critic of present-day literature and life announces, on the basis of an examination of the output of such novelists as F. Scott Fitzgerald, Stephen Vincent Bénet, Rose Macaulay, and Elliot Paul. The general godlessness of this fiction of modernism seems particularly important to Mrs. Wasson because she finds that life is copying fiction nowadays, especially throughout the young and supposedly impressionable generation, quite as efficiently as fiction copies life. It would be hard to tell, for instance, says the writer, "which is the prototype, which the copy—the flesh-and-blood young flapper or the one rampant in up-to-date fiction." Irony is the spirit in which our young folks are accustomed to look upon life and, says Mrs Wasson, "I think the term is meant in a little different way from that in which we ordinarily accept it. It seems to contain a little more iron." She comments, in the current issue of *The Literary Digest International Book Review*, analyzing the cause and effects of this condition·

The first novel of a young writer is apt to be autobiographical, if not in incident, then certainly in sentiment. The life from which he draws, except in cases of rare genius, must necessarily be limited by a short retrospection and immediate observation. Youth is ever egotistical, and inquisitively introspective, so young novels reflect the experience, philosophy and ideals, not of their characters, but of their authors. Perspective is a matter of focus. Youth writes in close-ups. Age and spiritual development alone can give perspective.

Therefore, my survey of the religion found in the works of young writers is more than likely to discover the actual state of religion in the hearts of the new generation. Later work undertaken to follow up the success or sensation of the début is not so apt to be self-revealing.

The three R's of conduct, Reverence, Refinement and Religion, so essential to the character of the old-fashioned heroine, have been superseded by a new criterion. Before the great god Irony this galaxy of the lesser virtues swaggers: Scornful Tolerance, Satirical Detachment, Nonchalance and Cynicism. If one could imagine a paradoxical merging of the earthy sides of the Stoic and Epicurean schools, some attempt at a classification of this new cult might be made. They seem to aim for Stoic endurance under Epicurean strain. They would recall the physical Sparta, with a naive gesture toward Athens, and withal a patent emulation of the manners of falling Rome. That is, as one might gather from the books they write—but perhaps the younger generation does not wear its soul upon its sleeve.

The teachings of such popular young novelists as Fitzgerald and Bénet must make many proselytes. Nothing is so desirable an accomplishment to a small boy as casual indifference under any and all circumstances. It is the inevitable cloak with which he seeks to hide his emotion. The emotions of extreme youth being confined to fear, anger, joy and sorrow (with humor as a phase of elfin joy), his garment of nonchalance stands him in good stead. Perhaps this apparent thickening up of the spiritual epidermis is merely a plea for the small-boy ideal in the work of these big boys and their sisters. Sentiment may be hiding under the scornful new term, Sentimentalism, and ecstasy of spirit masquerading in ironical armor.

Rose Macaulay all but coined a permanent word in her "Potterism," but she sought to hide too much under a single cloak. In her "Dangerous Ages" she lays her best character on the altar of Irony.

Elliot Paul, in his first novel, "Indelible," pays tribute to the new god. He tells quite humorously of his early reaction against the sects in his home town and of his wistful leaning toward atheism. He marries his young agnostic to a Jewess in an effort to

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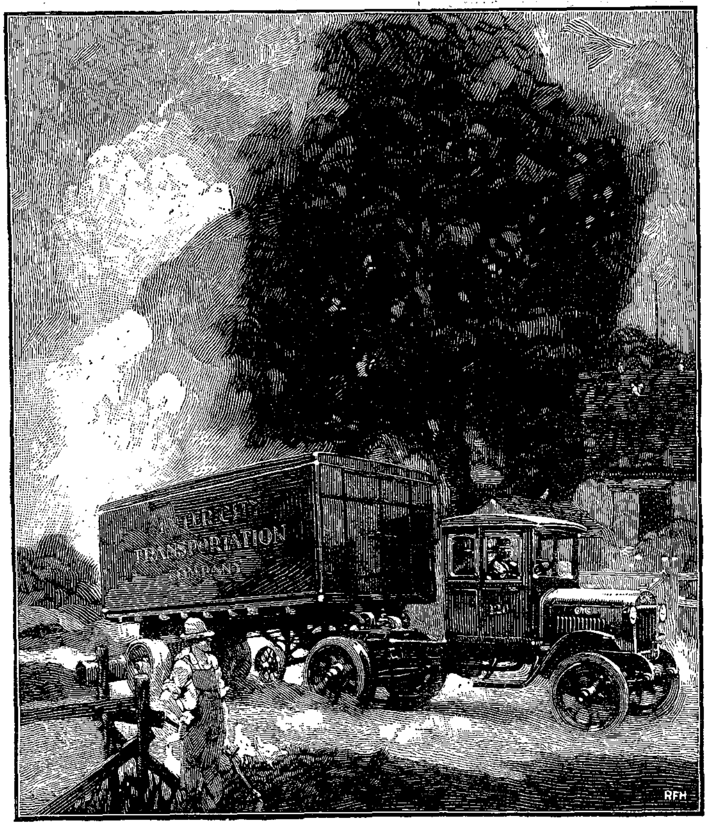

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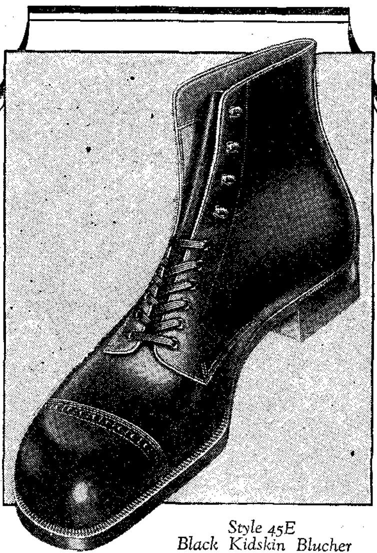

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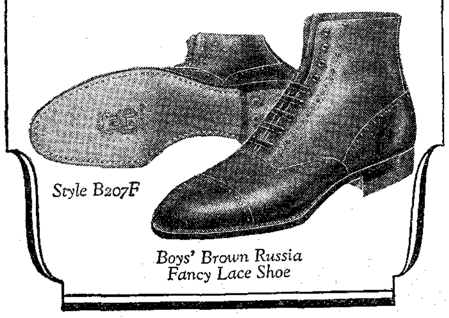

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Boys' Brown Russia
Fancy Lace Shoe

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

break down sectarian barriers. Incidentally he spells Bible with a small "b."

The war has been used as an excuse to cover so many shortcomings and eccentricities that perhaps these young people attribute this inscrutable registration of theirs to that cause also. I doubt very much if the war had the least bearing upon it, for those evincing the most extreme cases of Iron-worship tested none of their metal in France.

In an admittedly difficult search for a "word to express the attitude toward religion found in these young novels," the critic goes to musical parlance. The attitude might be approached, she believes, by "flatting" the word "flippancy" or "sharping" the word "nonchalance." She goes on:

I have said that religion has no leading rôle to play. Its case is worse than that. Religion as the profession of the Christian way of life and a hope of immortality seems to be classed with the dear delusions of the generation of uncles and parents. When God is acknowledged at all, He is hailed by His first name, called down from His exalted throne, and motioned to a seat upon the floor. Irreverence, a flaunting bravado which is a sorrowful attempt at moral courage, repudiation of the old laws and a hooting raillery at the new—these seem to me to be striking characteristics of the new pose.

I feel sure that this new fashion in painting the hero and his lady is not wholly an efflorescence of a diseased system. Youth delights in a bark which is worse than its bite. I fancy, too, that there is an academic as well as an ethical parent of the new school.

I think there is strong evidence of English and Scandinavian influence in American young novels. That charming character who used only to be found in English stories of public school and country manor life is being flattered by a cheap imitation. His self-control, his short, epigrammatic speech, his imperturbability, his extreme indifference to suffering, his scorn for displayed emotion find reflection in the young men in new American novels. He has come to be regarded as not only the ideal Englishman, which he undoubtedly is, when well portrayed, but he has expanded to include both young men and women in those hard-bitten years immediately following graduation from college. In most cases this flattery is not imitation of the sincerest kind, and laudable firmness of character is made to appear merely hardness of soul.

Another factor which undoubtedly contributes to the studied repression so prominent in our youthful characters is the recent deluge of Scandinavian literature. The inarticulate people of Knut Hamsun, Selma Lagerlöf and Johan Bojer have laid a cold finger from the north upon the natural effervescence of American youth. It takes a master to write convincingly in the language of the inarticulate. As a result of these things—namely, a direct reaction against sentimentalism and Pollyannaism, an unconscious aping of English reserve and Scandinavian repression, and a blind following after a successful lead—there has been born a new type, now very familiar to readers of the best sellers; the blasé flapper and the intellectually snooty and morally corrupt (by request) undergraduate male.

It would be hard to say which is the prototype and which the copy, the actual flesh-and-blood young person or the one rampant through the pages of up-to-date fiction. A young maiden, reading of the ways of wild flappers in the big cities, immediately prepares to qualify, and some one observing the habits of the maiden finds material for new flapper stories.

This digression is merely to express an opinion that the terrible flapper is a creation of the composite brain of fervent writers on the scent of what the public wants. She is an epidemic which will probably peter out, like bobbed hair and the "flu." But it is rather a shame for clever writers to distort their pictures of their own generation, for, after all, our daily life is preserved for posterity only in our fiction. There is great consolation, however, in the thought that the first requisite for fiction is fact. And the too awfully exaggerated pictures of present-day manners and customs will not live long enough to prejudice the next generation.

Bliss Perry says that only the true and faithful types in fiction survive, so we may hope for a swift demise for such works as Miss Dorothy Speare's "Dancers in the Dark," Mr. Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise," and his later sensation, "The Beautiful and Damned."

The Review's editor, Dr. Clifford Smyth, cautiously observes, in the course of a full-page editorial, that "Mrs. Wasson's criticism will be accepted as valid, or rejected wholly or in part, according to the preconceived individual bias of the reader." On behalf of "the young novelists," however, he goes on:

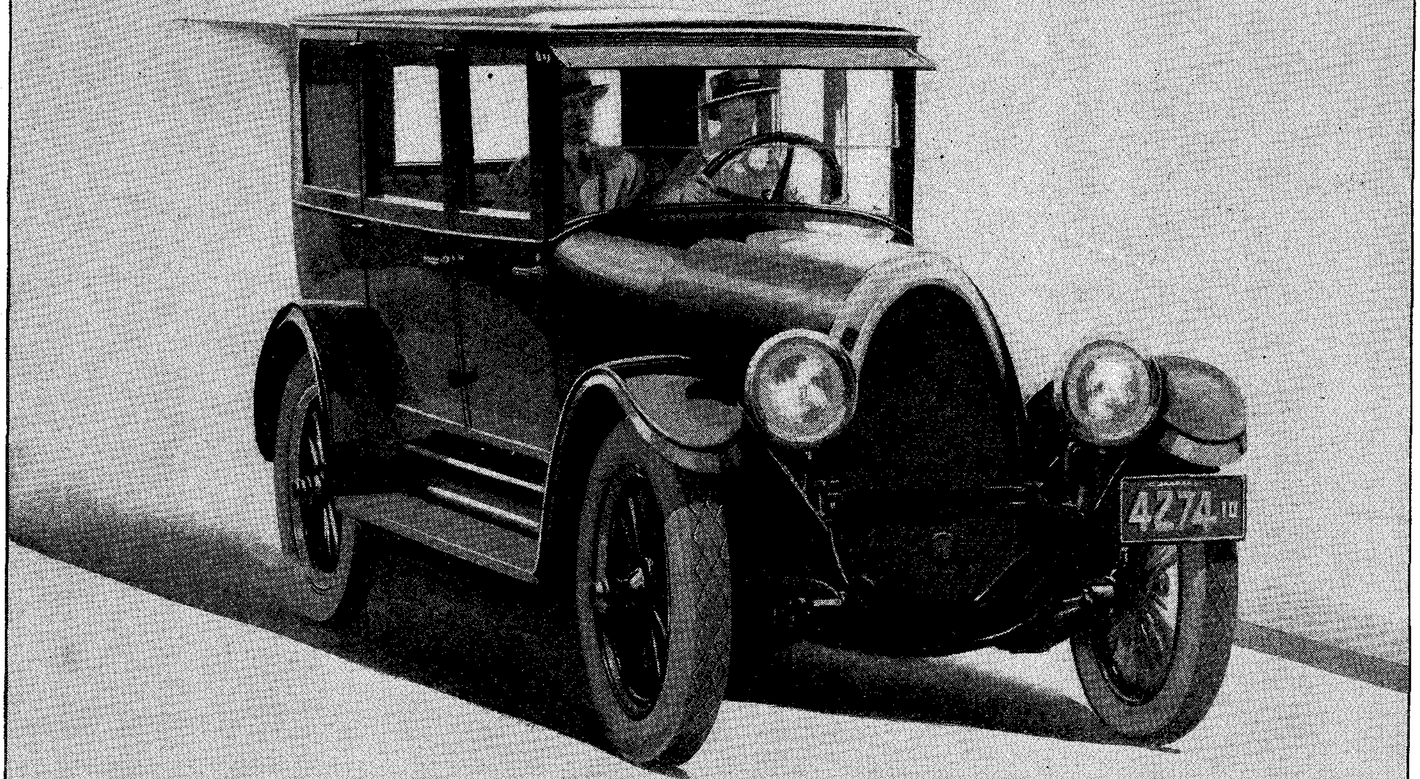
One feels like appealing to history. Instances enough are there for the finding, in which the young innovator, possest of a new idea or a new method, for the flaunting of which he is held in suspicion as a subverter of morals or religion by his own generation, but who turns out to be, with the lapse of time, either quite innocuous, or else the teacher of an ideal that can not be immediately realized.

This palliation derived from history may not, of course, be in the least relevant to the specific instances advanced by Mrs. Wasson. Because one young innovator, condemned by the conservative critics among his contemporaries, proves to be a harbinger of light for those who come after him is no reason for placing all innovators, young or old, in the same enviable category. The youthful iconoclast has a ruthless, uncompromising way of going about his work that makes it difficult for the bystander to see clearly what he would be at, to judge of his sincerity of motive as well as the actuality of his achievement, and thus he does not easily come into the right and final perspective of history until long after his labors are finished.

Other articles in this number of *The International Book Review* include a timely account of the adventures of the first folio Shakespeare, which sold for twenty shillings in 1623, and is worth $40,000 in this year of 1923, the tercentenary of a famous book and a famous man.

The complete table of contents runs:

Religion and the Young Novelist. .... *Mildred Wasson*
Hawthorne as His Daughter Remembers Him.............. *Richard Le Gallienne*



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Trying to Probe the Mystery of Death. *Osborn Fort Hevener*
A Victorian in English Public Life To-day. . . . . *Michael Sadleir*
Famous Battles of the Prize Ring. . . . . *Jim Tully*
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Books Talked About in Literary Europe.
Important Books of the Month.
The Literary Question-Box.

HIJACKERS—THE BANE OF THE BOOTLEGGERS

THE bootlegging business, which has from time to time been jokingly referred to as America's most popular and most prosperous industry, seems to be in great danger, but apparently neither the Anti-Saloon League nor the Federal Prohibition Enforcement staff should get credit for the new fear which grips the hearts of the "rum barons." Writing in *The American Legion Weekly* (New York) Jack O'Donnell declares that—

Death—sure, swift, and violent—hovers over every big booze deal made in the underworld to-day. Keen-witted, furtive-eyed gangsters who heretofore have terrorized certain sections of almost every big city in the United States have turned their attention to, and their guns on, the rum barons and their satellites. They have discovered a new and much more profitable game—a game in which there are minimum risks and maximum profits. And they have dealt a smashing blow to the old theory that there is honor among thieves.

The rum barons are trembling. The death-rate among them is mounting to amazing heights. Frantically they are looking for a way out. They have hired gunmen to protect them and the contraband in which they deal only to find that these gunmen give aid, comfort and information to the enemy. They can not appeal to the forces of law and order, for they realize that booze has no right, and that the courts have little sympathy for a cheater who has been cheated by a cheater. They are between two fires and must resort to the only law the underworld knows—gun law.

Gold and booze are the prizes over which the bootleggers and their deadliest enemies—the hijackers—are waging war in that shadowy land where Gun is king.

Hijacker is not a new name in the underworld. It is a name which was given to a band of hoboes who preyed on men who worked in the harvest fields of the Middle west and the Northwest years ago—a band whose members hailed their prospective with "Hi, Jack, what time is it?" when the workers with their pockets lined with gold came out of the harvest fields and headed for the cities. The salutation was followed by a blow on the head, after which the harvester was relieved of his gold. Railroad detectives, engaged to rid the wheat-belt of these bandits, named them hijackers to distinguish them from the gangs which made a business of robbing freight cars, train robbers, and ordinary hoboes.

When Prohibition came and there was created a demand for somebody to supply illicit refreshments for the thirsty, a vast number of men and women stept forth to supply the demand. They reaped tremendous profits. Boldly they waved fortunes in the faces of their less venturesome and more law-abiding friends, bought the police and other public officials, and boasted of their new-found riches. But they overlooked the fact that the Volstead Law made booze a contraband article which was not protected by law.

When this news leaked down into the underworld a new species of hijacker sprang into being. He was recruited from the gangsters. These sharp-witted fellows saw in bootleggers legitimate prey with promise of big revenue.

In the early days of bootlegging, our informant goes on, the hijackers confined most of their activities to deals on land, holding up trucks, double-crossing big dealers in booze, sticking up agents of the rum dealers before the former turned their money over to the bootleggers, or robbing the bootlegger immediately after the deal was made. But now, he adds,

The most exciting and colorful work is done by the hijackers of the sea. For it is off the coasts of the United States that the big money is handled by bootleggers and rum-carriers. And it is the sea that receives the human toll which bootleggers, rum smugglers and rum-carriers pay for the hazardous work they do.

With the aid and under the guidance of a man of the underworld who knows all the inside workings of the hijacking game I have made a careful study of the methods employed by hijackers on land and sea. I have talked with hijackers who have made their pile and retired; I have ridden trucks armed with gunmen ready to defend their employer's goods, and I have flattened myself on the bottom of a rum-smuggler's craft to escape the leaden pellets which we expected from a government craft which chased us.

Here is the story which Jimmy Shevlin (which isn't his name) told me of how he gave up bootlegging to become a hijacker. I don't present Jimmy as an example for the young of the land. Jimmy is a tough customer with an atrophied conscience and an intense desire to make money. Jimmy was a gangster when the Volstead Law was made the law of the land. He saw a chance to make quick money in the bootleg game. At the start he had $1,200. His first job was to bring a truckload of booze from Canada. He got it through and cleaned up $2,000 net. He made other deals with

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Tooth troubles were constantly increasing, mostly due to film. So dental science saw that this film must be fought.

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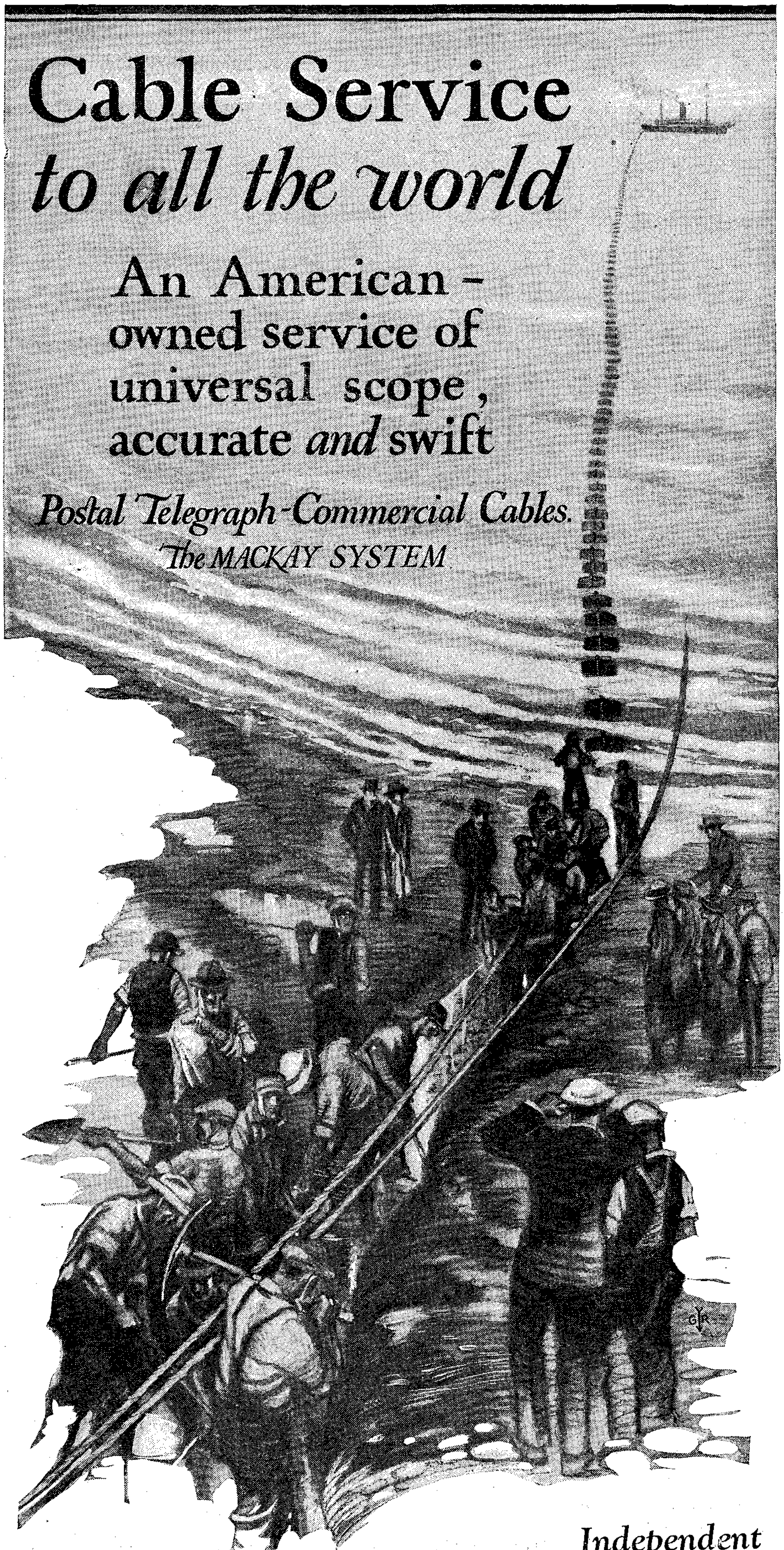
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Canadian smugglers and at the end of six months had $15,000 cash.

"I would have had $50,000," said Jimmy, "if I hadn't been hijacked several times. But in the long run my experiences with hijackers paid. I saw that those birds didn't take any more chance than the guy that handled the stuff. When a guy that is handling contraband stuff gets knocked off by a gang of hijackers, he can't yell cop, can he? Nope! He just takes his medicine and keeps his trap closed. Well, there I was, with fifteen grand."

Jimmy had long refrained from doing business with rum ships, but at last he decided that "with any kind of luck" he could turn his fifteen thousand into fifty thousand within a week, so—

"I hire me a boat, make a deal with a fellow on land to buy three hundred and fifty cases off a ship laying off Atlantic City, and start out onto the deep blue bounding main.

"We get to the ship all right, and I'm about to hand over my fifteen grand to the skipper in exchange for the booze when another boat comes alongside. The guys in this boat hail us and the captain tells 'em to come aboard. While he's talkin' I put the dough back in my pocket. We get back to business again just as three of the newcomers hop over the rail. They don't waste no time but just pull three guns and tell us to line up against the rail. Two more of 'em come over the rail and they round up the small crew of the rum-carrier and line them up alongside us.

"The leader of the gang then tells us to shell out our cash. I look for a white alley, but these guys look like they mean business and I figure that if I make a bad move they'll plug me. I hate to part with every dime I've got in the world, but there's nothin' else to do, so I lay it down. In about ten minutes those guys cleaned up about $60,000 in cash and then, just to make things better, they force the crew to load their own boat to the gunwales. Then they chase all of us to the other side of the rum-carrier, shove my boat free and let her drift, get into their own and chug away in the darkness—first relieving all of us our shooting-irons. When they are out of sight some of the crew swim to my boat and bring her back.

"There I was, broke again, but while I stood on that deck I made up my mind to be a hijacker. I went back to New York and looked up some of the old gang. They gave me the laugh, of course, but agreed to get into the game with me. I still had my boat, which was pretty fast, so we didn't lose any time getting to work.

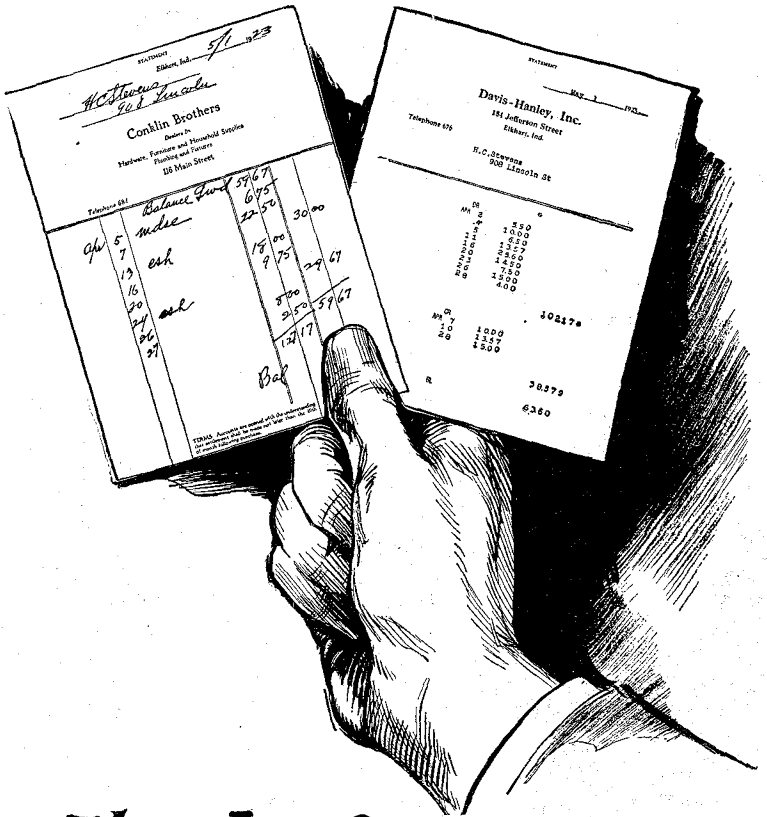
"One of the bunch had worked as a gunman for a big operator, who's now doing time down in Atlanta for conspiring to violate the Volstead Law. This fellow tipped us off to a big deal which his other boss was going to pull a few nights later and we were on the job. We knew the ship his boss was going to deal with and we knew that the men that came for the booze would bring cash with them. We waited for 'em and when they hove in sight we went out and met them. We carried rifles and outnumbered them two to one. There wasn't any argument when we told 'em what we wanted. We took their dough—twenty-five grand—and their guns, disconnected their engine so they'd be delayed ten or fifteen minutes, and then beat it. Incidentally, the guy that gave up the tip was on the boat we hijacked."

Within two weeks, Jimmy told me, he had retrieved the $15,000 he had lost and inside of six months he had a bankroll that went into six figures.

The more gruesome aspects of hijacking are set forth by O'Donnell, who points out the sinister significance behind a horrible enough discovery which was widely heralded in news dispatches at the time. Many persons will recall reading that—

> One night early in April lifeguards at the Gay Head life-saving station on the Massachusetts coast heard sounds of a battle at sea. A heavy fog enveloped the coast that night and it was impossible to determine where the fight was being staged. Next morning, however, the lifeguards found that the steamer *John Dwight*, loaded with bottled ale, had been sunk. Subsequently eight bodies were washed ashore. According to the Massachusetts State Police the *John Dwight* was owned by New York bootleggers. She was the victim, they say, of pirates who murdered the crew, scuttled the vessel and escaped with $90,000 known to have been aboard the craft.
>
> Hijackers of the sea got away with approximately $200,000 when they boarded the schooner *Patricia M. Behman*, kidnaped or murdered the captain and crew and abandoned the ship off Long Island, New York. When the ship was picked up her sails were set and her anchor was dragging. The decks had been splintered by machine-gun and rifle bullets and were littered with empty shells. Her cabins were battered and in great disorder, and her hold had been looted. A notebook was found which showed notations of sales of 3,918 cases of liquor, valued at $190,000.
>
> Never in the history of seaport cities have so many floaters—dead men—been picked up in a period of twelve months as have been reported by coroners, between April 1, 1922, and April 1, 1923. The sea is daily giving up the mortal remains of bootleggers and hijackers who have sacrificed their lives in the struggle for gold or contraband booze. Hardly a week passes that the coast guards do not pick up a drifting craft with one or more dead men, riddled with bullets, in the cabin or on the deck.
>
> The hijackers of the sea and of the rivers and bays generally operate with the aid of confederates on land. It is the duty of the men on land to keep in touch with the big booze operators, find out when and where they are to receive cargoes from the Bahamas, Canada or Mexico, and inform their confederates on the water of these facts. The land workers as a rule are ex-gangsters who have insinuated themselves into the employ of the rum barons and are in a position to get advance news of pending deals. Only the boldest hijackers work outside the three-mile limit, altho they performed their piratical deeds twelve miles out up to the time the Supreme Court of the United States handed down its recent decision fixing the dead-line at three miles.

So much for hijacking on the high seas. The new "profession" has gained even a firmer foothold in the big cities of the United States, we are told, for in them "the gangster-hijacker works with greatest efficiency because he knows his ground." Rather oddly, "it is in these cities where



Which Statement commands your respect and Gets ACTION?

The pen-written statement with hurried, uncertain figures that reaches you about the tenth of the month—or the neat, accurate Burroughs-made statement that reaches you on the first or second.

Almost unconsciously you think well of the firms who send you neat, accurate statements.

When your customers open their mail how will they feel about the statements you are sending them?

Let the Burroughs man tell you how easy it is to get your statements "out on the first" with a Burroughs Statement Machine and how this same machine can be used for all of your figure detail work as well. It adds, subtracts, multiplies and divides.

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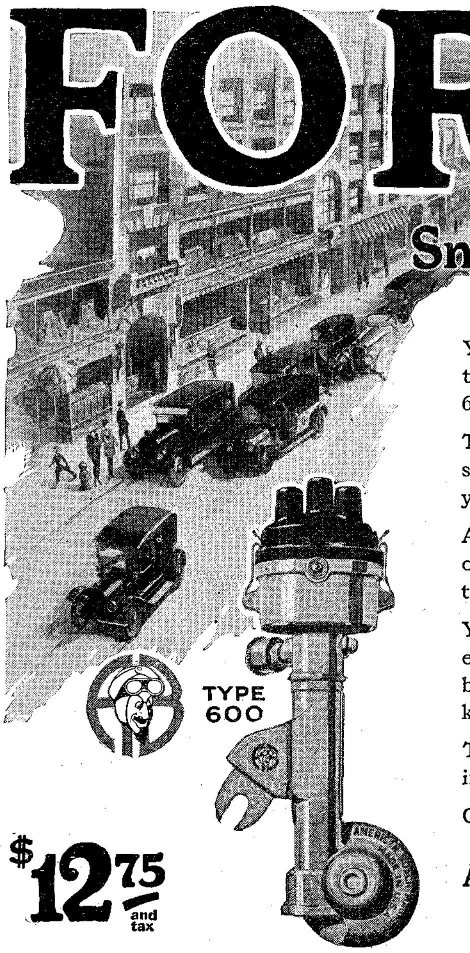

Your Ford won't buck and jerk when you throttle down—if you equip it with Type 600 Bosch Ignition.

The engine will be smooth and flexible at low speed—it will accelerate just as smoothly when you speed up.

After a traffic tie-up, you'll dart away ahead of the crowd. You won't even have to touch the spark lever.

You get wonderful results when your Ford is equipped with Type 600 Bosch Ignition. It banishes ignition troubles—adds power—keeps plugs clean, and makes starting easy.

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Order through your dealer or direct.

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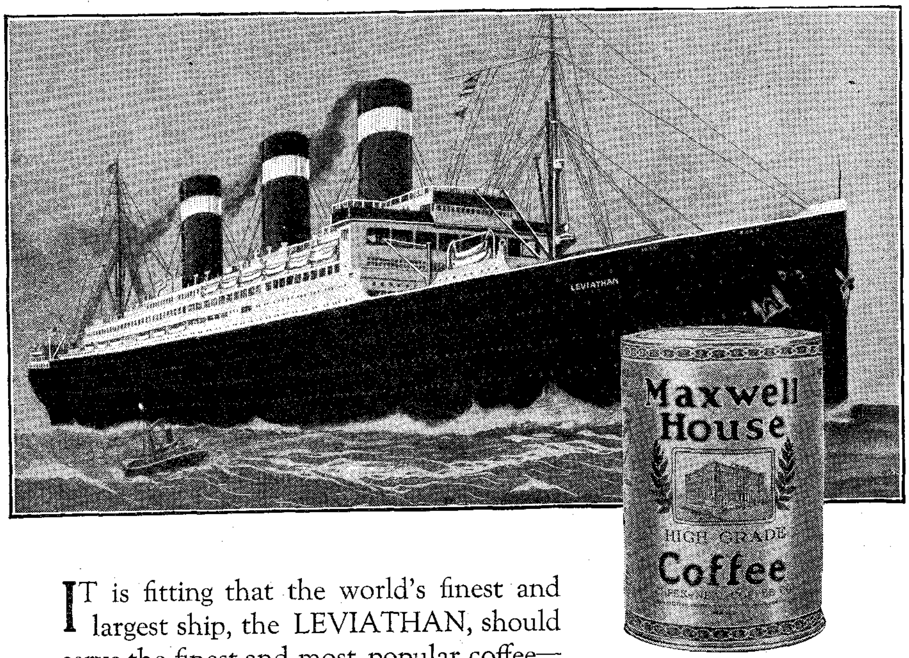

IT is fitting that the world's finest and largest ship, the LEVIATHAN, should serve the finest and most popular coffee—MAXWELL HOUSE.

5,000 pounds,—200,000 cups of Maxwell House have been purchased for the enjoyment of the passengers of the Leviathan.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

terror reigns in the underworld, even more strongly than at sea," altho "the city hijacker resorts to gunplay only as a last resort." Many leading bootleggers in the large centers of population already have been driven out of business, says O'Donnell, chiefly because—

> The city hijacker has his sources of information; he knows the habits of the cops, and his wits are tuned to the ways of the underworld.
>
> For the most part he depends on his wits to separate the bootleggers from their booze and gold. Clever schemes, such as the paying-teller racket, the furnished-room stunt and the fake-credential game have brought millions of dollars to hijackers.
>
> The paying-teller racket was first worked in New York City. Strangely enough, Jimmy Shevlin was the victim. Jimmy had $25,000 worth of good rye whisky in his warehouse. He was approached by a booze broker who said he represented a rich man up in the country who wanted to put a big supply of liquor in his country home. Jimmy agreed to sell his stock, which consisted of three hundred cases, for $25,000, making delivery to the rural address. The terms agreed on were cash on delivery.
>
> In due course Jimmy loaded his stuff on two trucks and drove to his wealthy patron's home. When Jimmy saw the big, beautiful residence, which stood quite a distance back from the road, and noted the well-kept grounds, with gardeners mowing the lawn and tinkering with the flower-beds, he figured everything was all right, and drove into the ground and up to the house. A young man in his shirt-sleeves was sitting on the wide veranda, smoking a cigaret. He looked like a college boy. As Jimmy and his two trucks came to a halt, the young man sauntered carelessly up.
>
> "What you got there?" he asked, nodding toward the trucks.
>
> "Some stuff for Mr. So-and-So," Jimmy answered.
>
> "Oh, yes," said the young man. "Dad said you'd probably be here. Just put it in the cellar."
>
> "Sure," said Jimmy, "but how about the cash?"
>
> "That's all right. Dad left a check for you."
>
> Jimmy snorted. Only the dumbest bootleggers accept checks, and Jimmy isn't exactly dumb. He so informed the young man. The youngster just smiled and said: "Oh, I guess you'll accept this one—it's certified."
>
> "Let's see it," requested Jimmy.
>
> The young man entered the house and returned a few minutes later with a certified check for $25,000 made out to Jimmy Shevlin. It looked as regular as rain, but Jimmy was still a bit dubious.
>
> "How do I know this is your dad's check or that it is any good?" he asked.
>
> When the young man feigned indignation that his father's integrity should be questioned, Jimmy asked him if he objected to Jimmy's calling up the bank and checking up a bit.
>
> "Not at all," was the retort. "Come right in and I'll show you the telephone."
>
> Jimmy called the bank on which the check was drawn.
>
> "Ask for Mr. So-and-So, the paying-

teller," the young man suggested. Jimmy did.

He explained that he had in his hand Mr. So-and-So's certified check for $25,000, and asked if it were good, and if the bank had a record of it.

"We have," stated the paying-teller, "and you need have no fear. I wish I had his check for a million."

Now, thoroughly satisfied, Jimmy unloaded the booze and went back to New York. Next morning he went to the bank on which the check had been drawn and presented it for collection. Immediately there was a conference of the heads of the bank and Jimmy began to feel uneasy. Finally the cashier came to the window and said: "This check is a forgery. Where did you get it?"

Jimmy didn't explain right away, but asked for the paying-teller. When that gentleman came to the window, Jimmy said: "Do you remember me calling you up yesterday afternoon and asking you about this check?"

The paying-teller gave Jimmy a blank look and shook his head in the negative. Questioned by Jimmy, he admitted his name was the same as that given to Jimmy by the young man at the country home, but denied ever having talked to anybody about that particular check. The bank officials then called their detective agency, but Jimmy told them that he didn't want anything done about it.

"You see," Jimmy explained to me, "I couldn't make a holler because I was dealing in something which the law says is not legitimate. I took my loss and said nothing. The bank's paying-teller is working with some big hijacker. There was no way to prove that I had talked with that paying-teller, and the bank officials would have laughed at me if I'd tried. They knew I was in the bootleg game, and a bootlegger's social or business standing ain't so good that he can go around yelling thief at paying-tellers."

"But how about the man up in the country? Couldn't you go back there and do something?" I asked.

Jimmy laughed. "I went back, but I knew before I got there what I'd find—an unoccupied house. I did find just that. The gang that hijacked me knew where the owner was and knew that they could stage a hijack scheme there one afternoon without getting into trouble or taking much risk. The son was one of the gang. The gardeners were in the gang. If I hadn't taken the check I'd probably have delivered the booze at the points of several guns. No doubt each guy there had a rifle or shotgun hidden in the flower-beds."

The second trick of the city hijackers, the furnished room stunt, generally is worked by two gangsters, according to O'Donnell. One a well-drest youth, and the other attired as a chauffeur. We read:

> The latter, posing as driver for a wealthy man, approaches a big dealer in booze and explains that his boss is in the market for twenty-five cases of Scotch or rye. "But," he says to the bootlegger, "I don't get such a big salary that I couldn't use a little extra cash. Now if I fix it so that you get the boss's business, I want a commission. You can add a few dollars extra for each case, and after the deal is over slip me mine, see?"
>
> If the bootlegger agrees to this, and it's a hundred to one that he will, the fake chauffeur gives the "order" and tells the bootlegger to deliver the stuff to a certain number on a certain street at three o'clock

10 Shaves Free

What we were up against to sell a Shaving Cream

By V. K. CASSADY, Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN:

We are successful soap makers, as you know. One of our soaps has now become the leading toilet soap of the world.

But we knew, when we started to make a Shaving Cream, that we must face these conditions:

Nearly every possible customer was using some shaving soap. Most of them were satisfied—many were wedded to it.

Our only possible chance to get them to change was to make a superlative cream.

We asked 1,000 men

So we asked 1,000 average men what their ideal was in a shaving cream. Then we started out to meet their requirements as no one else had done.

It took 18 months. We made up and tested 130 formulas before we met those men's ideals. But we knew that in formula No. 130 we had a wonderful shaving cream.

Then we told men about it—offered ten-shave tests. Men by the millions tried it, and changed from their soap to ours. Before many months, Palmolive Shaving Cream had captured the dominant place.

Its best quality

Palmolive Shaving Cream excels in five ways. Four are qualities men wanted. But one, which only we chemists knew, is greatest of them all.

Your greatest satisfaction comes from the super-strong bubbles. They hold the hairs erect for cutting. That's the main reason for your quick, clean, easy shaves, and why your razor seems so sharp. Weaker bubbles let the hairs fall down, so you pass them over. That's the chief of late discoveries in regard to shaving cream.

For your sake and our sake, try Palmolive Shaving Cream. Watch its five unique advantages. It will bring you a life-long delight. Please act now.

Five reasons why

1—It multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2—It softens the beard in 1 minute.
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DISTINCTIVE HARDWARE

IN these great buildings where smooth working, durable and beautiful hardware is an essential—there you will find *Russwin.*

And the very qualities that have led architects of national reputation to specify Russwin Hardware for their finest buildings also make Russwin pre-eminently the hardware for the home.

Some noteworthy buildings equipped throughout with Russwin Hardware

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Dexter-Horton Building	Seattle
Pennsylvania Hotel	New York
Plaza Hotel and Annex	New York
McAlpin Hotel and Annex	New York
Alamac Hotel	New York
Statler Hotels	St. Louis and Detroit
Hotel Traymore	Atlantic City
Bellevue-Stratford	Philadelphia
Hotel Sherman	Chicago
Drake Hotel	Chicago
Rienzi Hotel	Chicago
William Penn Hotel	Pittsburgh
Seelbach Hotel	Louisville
Francis Marion Hotel	Charleston, S. C.
Bon Air Hotel	Augusta, Ga.
Post Office	Birmingham, Ala.
Supreme Court and Library	Salem, Ore.
Custom House	San Francisco
Temple of Justice	Olympia, Wash.
Municipal Building	New York
New York Public Library	New York
City and County Building	Pittsburgh
American Consulate	Rio de Janeiro
Chattanooga Memorial Auditorium	
University Club	San Francisco
Kansas City Athletic Club	
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Y. M. C. A.	Hyde Park, Ill.
Brooklyn State Hospital	Brooklyn
Manhattan College	New York
Orlando State Bank	Orlando, Fla.
Weaver High School	Hartford, Conn.
Missouri Pacific Hospital	St. Louis
National Bank of Japan	Tokio
H. C. Frick Residence, Prides Crossing, Mass.	
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Russell & Erwin Mfg. Co.

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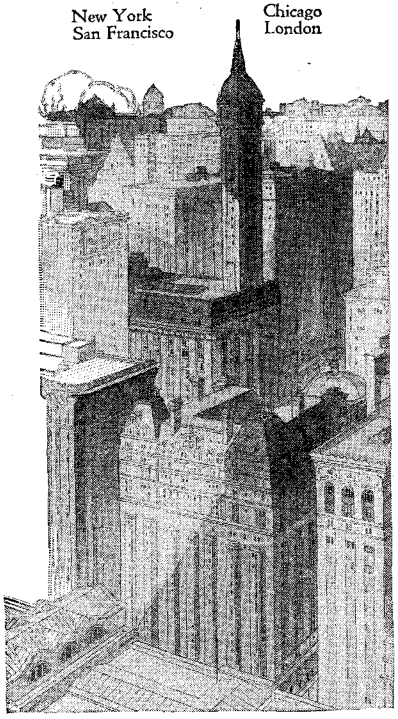


PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

the next afternoon. The address given generally is in a good neighborhood, close to a big hotel.

At the address given the stage is set. A week before the hijackers have rented a room on the first floor of one of the most imposing residences in the street. They pose as salesmen. At the outset they have made every effort to get into the good graces of the woman who rented the room. They began calling her mother about the second day.

At five minutes to three on the day the booze is to be delivered the chauffeur dons his uniform and goes to a telephone where he can see the house and still be out of sight. At the same minute the second hijacker takes off his coat and hat and tells the landlady that he is expecting some samples, and that he will go out and see if they are coming.

When the bootlegger drives up with his truck at three o'clock he finds a well-drest youth in his shirt-sleeves on the front steps. He asks if Mr. So-and-So lives in this residence and the young man says he does, also admitting that he is the son of the household. Reassured, the bootlegger explains what he has, and the young man tells him to bring it in, adding that his father will be home any minute now. Once the booze is stacked up in the first floor room, the young man says, "Sit down and have a cigaret. Dad will be here in a minute to pay you." While they puff at their cigarets, the telephone rings. The young man hastens into the hall and calls to the landlady, "Never mind, mother. I'll answer it."

The bootlegger, hearing the youth call the woman mother, thinks, of course, that everything is all right. He hears the young man talking over the wire with somebody, but he doesn't know that it is the chauffeur. When the young fellow returns, he says casually, "Dad just phoned that he would be right over." They wait five or ten minutes, chatting and smoking, and then in saunters the chauffeur. "Your father is over at the Hotel Blank and can't get away. He wants you to bring this gentleman over there so he can pay him."

The bootlegger and the two hijackers go out and start for the hotel in the bootlegger's truck. Just as they start, the young man turns to the chauffeur and says: "You'd better stay at the house, as that room is open." With that the chauffeur hops off and goes back to the room. Once the truck turns the corner, however, he dashes around another corner, gets his own truck and drives up to the door. Quickly he loads the booze that the bootlegger has just delivered and drives off. Meanwhile the bootlegger and the other hijacker go to the hotel and as they enter the lobby the hijacker requests his victim to take a seat while he finds out where his dad is. He goes to the desk and asks the clerk some inconsequential question, returns to the bootlegger and says: "Dad's in a conference up in room such-a-number. He wants me to come up and get your money."

He then gets in the elevator, gets off at the mezzanine floor, goes out by an exit which the bootlegger can't see and soon joins his pal.

After the bootlegger has warmed his heels for ten or fifteen minutes he gets suspicious, asks the clerk if Mr. So-and-So is in a conference in such-and-such a room, is told that nobody by that name is known at the hotel, and then realizes that he has been victimized. He rushes back to the place to which he delivered his goods, learns that mother is merely the landlady and that his booze is gone forever.

He can't complain to the police, because, as Jimmy Shevlin says, "Booze ain't got no rights."

As O'Donnell observes, the third trick of the hijackers, the fake credential game, is so old that it "has been worked almost to death in every large city and along the Canadian and Mexican borders." Nevertheless, occasionally it is pulled off because of some clever alterations or improvements upon the basic idea. For instance:

When the spring rush across the borders started late in April, four hijackers outfitted themselves with a big motor-truck and four complete sets of badges and other credentials carried by Federal enforcement officers. They stationed two of the party on one of the main roads coming out of Canada.

After a short wait a truckload of booze came along. They stopt it, showed their badges, got on the seat with the driver and the guard, and told the pair to drive to the nearest police station. Arrived there they showed their credentials to the officers in charge and told them to hold the two rum-smugglers until they came back for them. With the two smugglers in jail, the fake prohibition officers drove the truck to the next town, sold the booze to a hotel-keeper there, and drove off in the truck they had confiscated.

Hardly had the booze been stored in the hotel cellar when the other two hijackers descended upon the place to raid it. They confiscated the liquor, backed up the truck which they bought at the outset of their game, loaded the liquor on this, placed the hotel-keeper under arrest (after showing their credentials) and drove away. These four hijackers sold that same load of booze half a dozen times between the Canadian border and Albany, where they got into a row over the division of receipts, knifed one of their number and split up.

There are hundreds of schemes to cheat the cheaters, but these are typical. Federal Secret Service men and Federal prohibition enforcement officers to whom I have talked about this business estimate that the hijackers get more than a million dollars a month from the bootleggers. And yet there is never a howl of protest from the victims. Many turn hijackers, engage their own gunmen and retrieve their losses, while many hire more gunmen and attempt to fight off the wolves of bootleggery.

Down in the underworld they talk freely of the jobs that are pulled, but they do not trust each other with the same trust that the old-time crooks enjoy. The bootleggers live in terror of the hijackers and the hijackers, in turn, live in terror of each other. It is a case of dog eat dog, but it is working to the benefit of the average citizen because it has reduced the number of gangsters and has made the streets of our large cities safer places in which to walk.

National Prohibition Commissioner Haynes, in a series of articles now running in the newspapers, also mentions the number of gangsters who have been withdrawn from their ordinary walks of life, and are now interested in bootlegging. His conclusions are not so optimistic as to the improvement which such a change may make in our criminal circles.

You still have time to enter!

The greatest Health Contest ever held closes August 15—$5000.00 in prizes—If you have been helped by Fleischmann's Yeast, send in your report NOW!

Constipation is an almost universal evil, and one of the most difficult to cure. Thousands have found that Fleischmann's Yeast overcomes constipation naturally and permanently.

Only a few days more till the Fleischmann Health Contest closes. On August 16 the judges will begin their task of selecting the prize-winning reports. Get yours in at once!

$5000.00 will be distributed for the most interesting and convincing stories of what Fleischmann's Yeast has done for you. *Everyone* who has been helped by Fleischmann's Yeast prior to July 15, when this Contest began, is eligible for a prize.

Ever since the health value of Fleischmann's Yeast was discovered, leading scientists have been working to reveal *all* the facts about this unique fresh food. Today we know definitely how Fleischmann's Yeast builds new strength and vigor—how it removes the cause of skin and stomach troubles—how it will overcome constipation naturally and permanently.

Hundreds of thousands of men and women have learned by actual experience the value of the familiar little yellow labeled cake. If you are one of them—we urge you to send in your report.

Write for full details, together with the special sheet on which all contestants' letters must be written. You have until midnight of August 15 to mail your story.

This contest is open freely to all (employees of The Fleischmann Company excepted). There are no restrictions—no obligations on your part. Simply say: Send me the Fleischmann Health Contest Folder at once. THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, P.O. BOX 1251, City Hall Station, New York City.

Skin troubles are the body's warning that something is wrong. Fleischmann's Yeast helps to correct their cause by keeping stomach and intestine in a natural, healthy state.

People troubled with loss of appetite and energy, or faulty digestion, have found that these troubles disappear when they eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly.

EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FOR HEALTH

Win one of these 153 cash prizes—

First prize $1000—Second prize $500—Third prize $500—10 prizes of $100 each—40 prizes of $25 each—100 prizes of $10 each

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

"Summertime is Germ-time" -protect your MILK

One month's protection—free

In summer, germs swarm by the billion. All that stands between them and the milk your children drink is the little paper cap on your milk bottle.

How absurd to open this cap with an ice-pick, or a fork, or your thumb! You punch a hole in the cap; you crumple it; you can't replace it so it will be any real protection.

Perfection Caps are different. They lift by a reinforced tab which will not tear off. And you can replace them as often as you wish.

Send the coupon today for a month's free supply of Perfection Caps—try them—then tell your milkman that you want Perfection Caps on your milk in the future. No bothersome salesman will call—no expense involved. Just send the coupon, and the caps will be mailed, with an interesting booklet.

Mail the coupon now.

Drink more milk - AND PROTECT IT WITH

PERFECTION MILK-BOTTLE CAP

This is the Perfection Milk Bottle Cap with the Reinforced Tab that won't tear off. Use it time after time. *It keeps your milk free from dirt and odors.*

JUST TEAR OFF THIS COUPON AND MAIL

L.D.7

THE SMITH-LEE CO.
537 Fitch St.,
Oneida, N. Y.

Without obligation, please send me a month's supply of *Perfection Caps.*

Name..

Address..

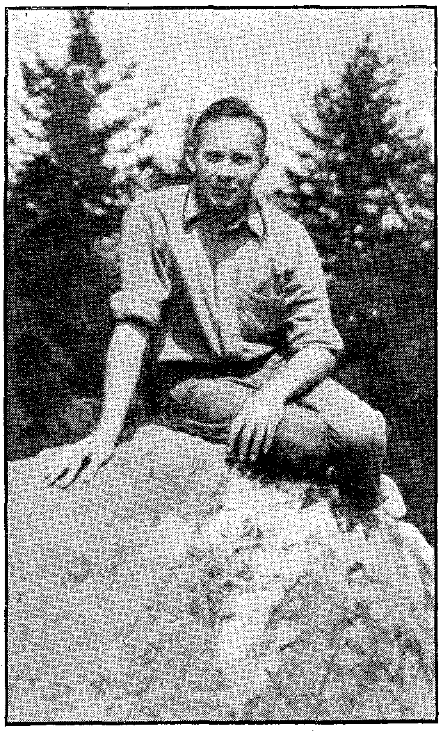
....

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

HOW A TRAMP WRITER POURED MORE "SING" INTO SINGAPORE

When Harry L. Foster, a young American college man, bought passage on a ship bound from Hongkong to Singapore, he was, so far as occupation and destination were concerned, a tramp, albeit "a decidedly aristocratic, respectable sort of tramp," for he had money in his pocket, a suitcase full of decent clothes, and a portable typewriter wherewith to justify his vagrancy by writing about it. On arriving in Singapore a few weeks later he was still a tramp, but a tramp of a very different kind, for his appearance proclaimed to all the world that he was down and out. His features were gaunt and hungry-looking, his hair and a newly acquired beard unkempt, and his once lily-white suit was mud-colored and ragged. Worst of all, he was absolutely penniless and knew no one in the city to whom he could turn for succor.



A LITERARY TRAMP

Harry L. Foster landed in Singapore broke. Pocketing his pride, he tried begging, which led to his discovering a way to pocket some money.

This reversal of fortune can be traced to his meeting an Italian, an alleged poet, on the steamer. Foster and his new-found companion were left in the lurch at Saigon, the ship having gone off without them while they were seeing the sights there. Eventually the "poet" went on to Singapore by water, after tramping as far as Pnom Penh with Foster. The American, intent on continuing the journey by land, struck into the wilderness. After many adventures and misadventures of which he tells in his new book, "A Beachcomber in the Orient" (Dodd, Mead & Company) he

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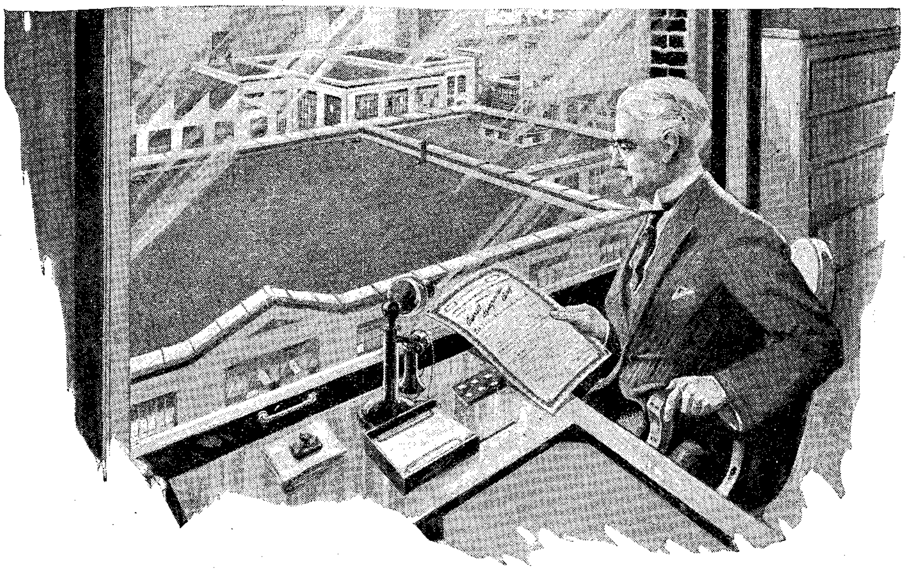
at last reached Singapore in the confident expectation that his baggage, which had been on the Hongkong steamer, would be awaiting him there. The "poet" however, a temperamental and unreliable comrade, to say the least, had helped himself to Foster's belongings and funds. Thus it was that the formerly aristocratic tramp found himself walking the streets mechanically, a very plebeian hobo, indeed. He realized that his plight was far from comic because, as he notes in his book—

> Singapore at that moment was overflowing with human derelicts. Some were professional beachcombers. Some were well-meaning but weak-willed sailors who had missed their ships. Others were discharged employees from the rubber estates or the tin mines, for with the slump in rubber and tin—the principal industries of the Malay States—many better-class Europeans were finding themselves stranded. Nowhere in my travels had I ever found a city so full of down-and-outs as was Singapore at that particular moment.
>
> In Latin America, where I had drifted about for two years, it was quite easy to find employment. Many victims of the wanderlust knocked about from one place to another, finding jobs as mechanics and typists, and holding the jobs just long enough to earn the price of passage to another place. Firms there were accustomed to these tramps, and usually had positions for them. The Latin Americans, if they had sufficient education for these positions, were usually too proud to work, and the firms had to employ some one.
>
> But in the Orient conditions were entirely different. Chinamen filled the mechanical and clerical jobs, and the only employment for the average European was in some executive capacity, for which a drifting vagabond is not fitted. The whole scheme of the British was to maintain racial supremacy and prestige by employing white men only as managers. And these managers came out from home on contract. Even if there were a vacancy in some minor position, and a white man were willing to work for the same low wages as a Chinaman, the firm would not lower white prestige by employing him beside the Chinese.

Lacking the all-important wherewithal to placate suspicious boarding-house landladies, and unable even to qualify as a sailor and thereby get free lodgings at the seaman's home, Foster mournfully concluded that "there was only one way to get my next meal—walk up to some other white man and beg for it," altho "during all my self-supported travels in South America I had taken special pride in the fact that I had never had to ask for anything and I hated to do it now." Therefore,

> I stood in indecision while three lordly looking Englishmen hurried quickly past me as tho they guessed my intention. I determined to stop the fourth. And yet I didn't. For as chance would have it, he proved to be that plump-jowled chap from the train (a Britisher who had already snubbed Foster on the trip to Singapore) and I would have starved first. I would stop the next, whoever he might be. He was an odd-looking fellow in a khaki suit, and his hard face suggested that he,



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

also, had known how it felt to be hungry. He seemed a likely prospect.

"Excuse me," I said, "but can you spare a few cents for a cup of coffee?"

He did not hurry past. Instead, he stopt and looked at me.

"You're a new one—ain't you?"

I began to wonder whether I had stopt a police officer. Beneath his sun-helmet, his face defied reading. It was a peculiar face wherein no two features were in harmony. His eyes popped forward; so did his nose, and his jaw. It was as tho each feature were trying to make itself more prominent than the others.

"Yes," I admitted, "I'm new."

He grinned.

"Then let me tell you something. Don't bum a man like you was afraid of 'im. Act like you'd push 'is bleedin' fyce in if 'e didn't 'and out somethin'. And 'ere's some more: I know where you can sell that bloody camera you're carryin' and then we'll both 'ave a cup of coffee."

It seems that I had met "The Kid."

He pawned my camera for six dollars at a shop kept by a Hindu; then he led the way to a waterfront saloon, a long narrow room with a bar in the center and a dilapidated piano in one corner. Several other bums were lounging at one of the plain wooden tables.

"I sye, Kwong!"

Kwong, the proprietor, a young English-speaking Chinaman, came hurrying forward.

"Kwong," explained the Kid, "is the whitest Chink in Singapore. Ain't you, Kwong? Any time I need a bloody dollar, 'e's the man'll give it to me, ain't you, Kwong?"

The Chinaman was reticent about committing himself to any such promise. Evidently the Kid was only too frequently in need of the dollar. But to-day he displayed my six dollars with an air of great pride, and Kwong, immediately rubbing his hands together and bowing, sent out for a big bowl of chop-suey, and brought us a couple of whisky-stengahs.

I was not keen about sticking to the Kid. For a roughneck, he was not unlikable, but there was something peculiar about his eyes that I seemed to have remembered about the eyes of convicts back in Sing Sing when I was a newspaper reporter in New York. At that moment, however, I could not choose my company. The other bums gathered at my table—hard-faced men in clothing as disreputable as my own, professional vagabonds, all of them, who made their living by telling hard-luck stories to the passing tourists, and wouldn't have accepted employment if they could have found it. Kwong brought the drinks. The whisky was strong, with a raw, burning taste; it helped to smooth away the scruples that I had about mixing with these bums. The gathering became a party—with me as host—and chop-suey for the banquet.

"Bring me the banjo, Kwong!" commanded the Kid, and Kwong brought a dilapidated instrument with a badly battered head, and one string missing. But the Kid could play two or three tunes upon it, and did so. The piano over in the corner attracted my attention, and I made it a duet. I could play ragtime by ear, not always with the correct base, but always with good rhythm and considerable violence. There was a loose board in the floor in front of the piano upon which I could beat time with one foot while

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I kept the other on the loud pedal, and what I lacked in technique I applied in enthusiasm. It was not an artistic performance, but it delighted its audience.

"'E ought to be on the styge," said the Kid.

A party of sailors coming up the road from the wharfs stopt to listen, and finally came inside. Kwong nodded his approval to me. Then another party of sailors came along and dropt in. Kwong beamed, and set up the drinks for the Kid and myself.

"Fine, boys," he said, "keep it up."

The Kid turned upon him.

"Look 'ere, Kwong, what'll you give us to do this every night?"

Kwong shrugged his shoulders. His was the conservatism of the Chinaman, and he did not like to increase his expense account.

"I sye, Kwong, if you 'ad me for manager and this lad for pianist, we'd mike a bloody fortune for you. Some one to go on board the ships and bring 'em 'ere, and somebody to entertain 'em when they come. What d'you sye? We'll do it if you'll pass the bleedin' 'at for us. Won't we, young feller?"

I nodded.

Kwong's conservatism melted and his business instinct told him the arrangement would be a profitable one for his place. As a result,

I banged the piano with new vigor, and the Kid began waylaying passers-by in the street, leading them in with promises of a riotous night. In they came—sailors on their way up the long street that led toward the red-light district, stopping to quench their thirst, and remaining to sing and dance. Night gathered, and they came in greater numbers, until the long narrow grog-shop was filled with European seamen, mostly Cockneys. It was a big night for Kwong. He, with his half-dozen Chinese bartenders, kept hurrying from table to table, dispensing liquor. The crowd had an insatiable thirst not only for drinks but for American ragtime. No sooner would I finish one piece than some one demanded another.

"'E don't always 'it the right note," said the Kid, "but when 'e does, 'e 'its it awful 'ard."

They liked the noise. They all sang. Some sang the piece I was playing; others, having heard only a few notes and mistaken it for something else, were singing what they thought I was playing. But everybody sang. Some danced. One sailor jigged, his heavy shoes pounding upon the boards, while his friends beat time upon the wooden tables with their glasses and beer bottles. A big, awkward Scandinavian stoker staggered up from one of the seats, grinning like an imbecile, staring at the dancer as tho fascinated, and clumsily tried to imitate him. Others rose in pairs and began to fox-trot. Demands were made that Kwong send out for women partners. He protested that they were not obtainable, and that the police might object, anyhow.

"T'ell with the police!" exclaimed somebody.

They grew noisier. Two men, arm in arm, began to gallop up and down the floor. Others whirled around and around. They crowded about me, naming their favorite selections. A gnarled, barrel-chested little man with a dent in his head which he claimed to have received in the Boer War, but which looked suspiciously as tho it had been made by a boat-hook,

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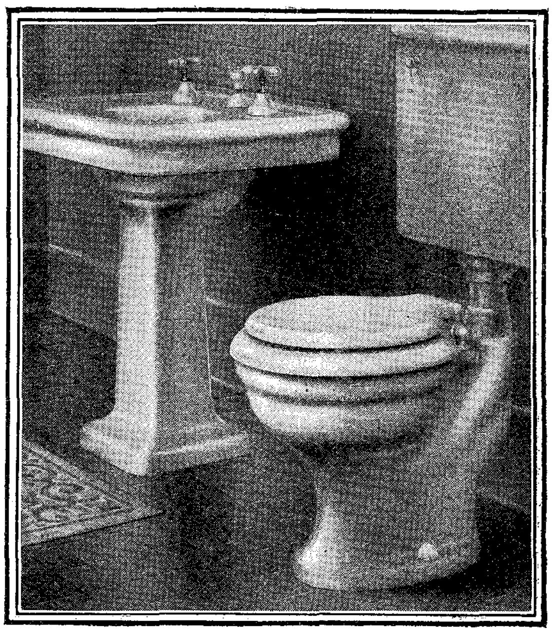

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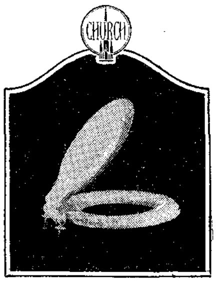

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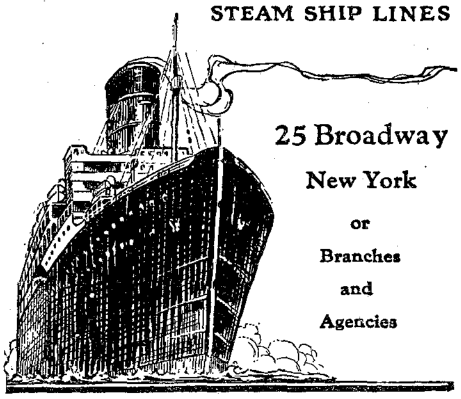

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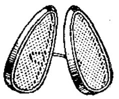

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

demanded that I play "There was never such another wench as sweet as Mary Anne." He was going to sing it. The others immediately drowned him out, but he stood beside the piano, bawling the sentiments into my ear in a throaty bass voice, meanwhile contorting his gorilla-like face into the most frightful grimaces. All were insistent in their demands, threatening to beat up those who wanted something else, or to pound me to a pulp if I did not comply.

It was a noisy mob, but it spent money with the proverbial recklessness of the drunken sailor. The grimiest and sootiest spent most freely. They sent drinks to me until the whole top of the instrument was lined with them—glasses of all sizes filled with every variety of intoxicant. They sent whatever they happened to be taking themselves—beer, whisky-soda, gin, vermouth, cocktails, highballs, liqueurs—an array that would have been worth a fortune in the United States, and as fast as I could, I dumped the stuff through the open window beside me.

And at length some one started a fight. Two dancers had knocked over a table, upsetting several bottles of beer, and the incensed owners of the bottles had promptly retaliated by heaving them at the dancers. The Kid, as manager, rushed into the fray and began to remove his coat, very slowly and deliberately, with the air of one who is conscious of his own power and is in no hurry to kill the other fellow. The Kid, who profest to be an ex-pugilist, as he was an ex-everything-else, had considerable reputation in local beachcombing circles, and the habitués of Kwong's resort were said to avoid arguments with him, but these sailors were new to the locality and were not daunted by his confident deliberation. They were all rushing forward to fight him when Kwong himself intervened.

"There, there, boys, let's not fight. It's time to close up and the police will be along in a minute."

"T'ell wi' the police!"

But peace was finally established. The clock struck midnight, and Kwong, assisted by his Chinese bartenders, began to urge the reluctant patrons outside, cajoling them with promises of more fun the next night, and repeating many times his fear that the police would be around shortly. At length, when the door was shut behind the last staggering sailor, the bar resembled a wreck, with overturned tables and broken glass, but Kwong grinned broadly as he looked at his cash drawer.

"'Ow about it? Is it a steady job?" demanded the Kid.

And Kwong nodded. He sent out for more chop-suey, and gave us both a midnight supper, after which I spread my blanket upon the flat top of his bar, and stretched out for the night beside J. Clancy Scruggs, my new partner, otherwise known as "The Kid," or by the self-awarded title of "King of the Beachcombers." The passing of the hat had brought us twelve dollars.

I became a permanent fixture at Kwong Bee's piano.

Kwong was not particular about his patrons and his patrons were not particular about their music.

Each morning the Kid would visit the ships in the harbor to drum up trade. The Kid had the gift of gab, and he knew how to talk to sailors. If they went to the Maypole Bar, he told them they were sure to be short-changed; if they went to

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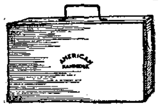

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Robbie's Bar, they were likely to have their pockets picked; if they went to the Happy Tar or the Square Deal Saloon, well, he didn't like to talk about other people, but every one of the bartenders in both these resorts was afflicted with leprosy.

In fact, according to the Kid's story, there was only one really decent place in town, and that was Kwong Bee's place—good liquor, big glasses, cheap prices, honest treatment, the best pianist east of Suez, and they could sing or dance all night and have as many fights as they wanted just as tho they were in their own homes.

He brought them down in droves—grease-covered oilers and soot-covered stokers, grimy deck-hands and neatly drest stewards, square-jawed bucko mates and grizzled old sea captains, men from the big liners, four-masters and men from the big liners. No sooner would I finish one tune than some roughneck—perhaps some fellow-beachcomber whose companionship I would have scorned a few months earlier—would command, "Give us another, Jack," and I'd keep on playing.

Foster remarks in his book, "It was not an elegant position, but I earned a living, and was not required to join the other beachcombers in begging for a livelihood." He kept this position for some time, meanwhile carefully saving his share of the proceeds, until "the noisiest night in the entire history of Kwong Bee's," when—

> Sixty lusty voices roared the songs I was playing, the songs they thought I ought to play, any songs at all. Men danced in pairs. One pair was trying to kick as high as possible. Another pair galloped around in circles. Two other pairs were having a pushing match. Twice, through collisions, I was knocked off the piano stool. Tables and chairs went over. There were several arguments, of which I caught brief snatches. . . .
>
> Then came a crash. Some one had thrown the Kid clean over the bar and against the shelves of bottles. The bottles rocked, toppled over, and fell with a succession of crashes. Liquor dript from shelf to shelf—little red drops of port wine, green drops of crême de menthe. Some one, catching the spirit of the occasion, began to seize other bottles and hurl them against the ceiling. Everybody was pushing or pommeling his neighbor, all for no particular reason. Kwong, crying to them to stop, was seized by the neck, and came hurtling over the top of the piano, to fall in my lap, and send me to the floor.
>
> Then the police came—a British officer and several Sikhs—and the fight stopt.
>
> "What's all this bloody row?"
>
> No one answered.
>
> "'Oo's the boss 'ere?"
>
> The Kid strutted forward, trying to look impressive, despite a rapidly closing eye and a cut lip.
>
> "I'm the manager," he announced.
>
> The officer turned to me.
>
> "And 'oo the 'ell are you?"
>
> "I'm the pianist."
>
> "Well, you've mide a bloody nuisance of your managing and your piano. Get the 'ell out of 'ere." And to Kwong: "If you let those two beachcombers in 'ere again, I'll tike your license."
>
> I was no longer a fixture at Kwong's piano.

By this time, tho, Foster had managed to amass enough of a "fortune" from his musical accomplishments to enable him to resume his rambles through the Orient in the rôle of an "aristocratic" tramp.

Hauling away the ASHES

IT costs $1.20 a ton to haul ashes in many cities—a dead loss. If the coal is not only high in ash, but dirty, full of non-combustible impurities that could have been removed at the mine, there is more haulage, more loss.

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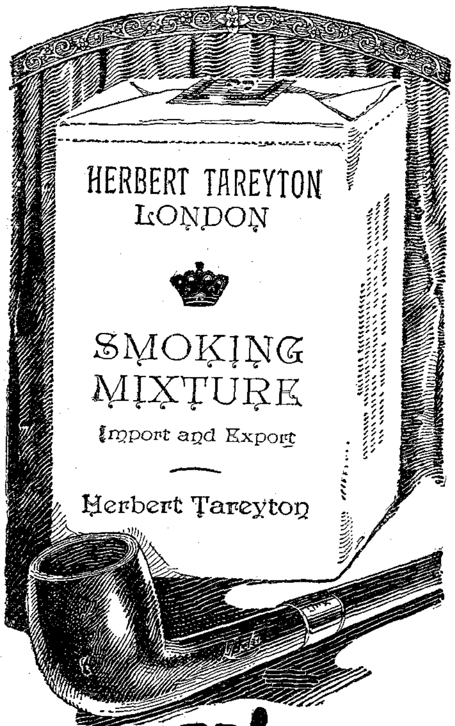

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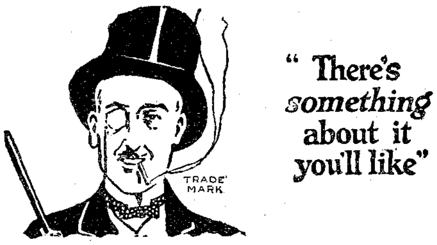
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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

WHY CURRENCY IS SCARCE

MOST people may not have noticed that greenbacks are less frequent than usual, but Treasury officials assure us that this is so, and two authorities are out with two reasons to explain the why of it. The financial editor of the New York *Times* calls attention to the fact that the shipment of American dollars to foreign countries is proceeding "at a rate unparalleled in history." As other currencies tend to depreciate, the demand for our dollar, which has not depreciated, increases. Another large and solid reason for the growing scarcity of currency, in the editorial opinion of *The Manufacturers Record* (Baltimore), is that automobilists and others are carrying more money, and these sums constitute "currency that is locked up." As the *Record* editor sees it:

> There are thirteen million automobiles in the United States. Every automobile owner probably carries on an average two or three times as much ready cash in his pocket as he ever carried before he owned an automobile. He does this in order to meet emergencies which may happen on the road. A well-posted New York man said to the writer that he didn't believe there was a well-to-do motorist in the country who didn't always carry $100 stuck away in order to be prepared for an emergency, or a fine, or a broken tire upon the highway. This money, said he, never comes into circulation. It is put away and held merely for a possible emergency. His estimate is probably not too high on the average for rich people, but of course too high for the average automobile user. In the aggregate however the amount of money locked up in the pockets of automobile owners is very great. Its extent has never been taken into consideration in the discussion of currency. It is altogether probable that the well-paid mechanics of to-day are carrying more money in their pockets than ever before.
>
> It is true that more money is being deposited in savings banks than in former years, but this is scarcely equal to the increased income of the people as a whole, and especially of the mechanics. Many of them are carrying well-filled pocket-books of ready cash.

This editor mentions as another reason the fact that practically every people in Central Europe is anxious to get and hoard the American dollar. According to the financial editor of the New York *Times*, who considers this phase more in detail:

> The call for American money is mainly in the form of one-dollar bills. Next in order is the demand respectively for two-dollar, five-dollar and ten-dollar bills. A few twenties and fifties are scattered in the outgoing flow of American paper, but because of the high value of a fifty-dollar bill in terms of some debased currencies abroad, a denomination of this size is found difficult of handling. For that reason ten fives are chosen in preference. A surprize feature in the outflow is the fact that a vast amount of this money is being sent to Russia, this country probably ranking second to Germany as the magnet for American paper.
>
> In each case, the reason given for the strong demand by Treasury officials is the same, namely the debased currencies of those countries. As a result of this development, a revision will have to be made in respect to an economic law which has been taught in schools since the origin of important banking institutions. The old precept was that "bad money drove out good money" and proof of this has been furnished in the case of Germany, the continued outpouring of cheap paper marks having caused many Germans to ship their gold credits to other countries, chiefly to the United States.
>
> With the extreme working of the German Government printing-presses, however, the paper mark became so valueless that German workmen and others began to demand "better money" and to boycott as far as possible the cheap substitute in the form of paper marks. As a result of this attitude, there grew up a demand for worth-while foreign currencies and to-day Germans willingly bid up the price of the American dollar. The same thing is true of Russia, according to United States officials, and this has furnished proof that while "bad money drives out good money," the continued deterioration of "bad money" will in time work its own ruin and thus hold out attractive premiums for the return of "good money."
>
> As a result of this premium for "good money"—the American paper dollar has become more valuable abroad than its equivalent in gold. A five-dollar bill, for example, is worth about 25 cents more than a five-dollar gold piece. This is explained as due to the somewhat arbitrary value placed on gold abroad by the respective Governments. In the case of American paper currency, however, the bidding-up process as conducted in open markets for foreign exchange, has placed a premium on the paper dollar which does not exist on gold.
>
> As a result of this situation, tourists leaving the United States for Europe, particularly those countries which have permitted their currencies to deteriorate, are carrying paper dollars instead of their gold equivalent. In this way, so Treasury statistics reveal, a substantial part of the shipment or export of American paper is carried on.
>
> A second factor is the shipment of paper dollars in bulk by banks and credit institutions for commercial transactions. It is this movement which explains in part the seeming contradiction shown in the Department of Commerce export and import figures. While American imports are now exceeding for the first time since the war the nation's exports, there has been no evidence of an outflow of gold in corresponding quantity. Paper has, however, been shipped out quite rapidly, only to return quickly to effect new purchases of American goods and commodities.
>
> Another important source of paper shipments is comprised of some millions of American residents who are endeavoring to help relatives who live across the Atlantic. These persons are mailing one-, two-, five-

and ten-dollar bills in letters, the majority of these letters going to Germany and to Russia. This method is found more profitable than the purchase of marks or rubles on this side of the Atlantic and the transmission of the dollars' equivalent in those currencies owing to the wide range of mark and ruble quotations. The mark, for example, has dropt as much as 50 per cent. between the time a letter has been sent from New York and the time it has been received in Berlin.

Owing to the volume of dollar-shipments by mail, a practise of mail-rifling has grown up in Germany which is described as extremely serious. Thousands of paper-money senders have reported to American postal authorities that they have sent letters containing money to relatives, which when delivered were found to have been opened and part of the money stolen. As a result of this Americans sending money to other countries are being advised to transmit their dollars through the medium of money orders.

WHAT EDISON'S GENIUS IS WORTH

THE ideas and the genius of Thomas A. Edison are said to be worth $15,599,000,000, based on present investment in America alone of industries based on or stimulated by his inventions, according to an article in the New York *Times*. The separate items making up this total are thus extracted by *The Wall Street Journal:*

Moving pictures	$1,250,000,000
Telephones	1,000,000,000
Electrical railways	6,500,000,000
Electric lighting and power	5,000,000,000
Electrical supplies	857,000,000
Fixtures	37,000,000
Phonographs	105,000,000
Electric car shops	109,000,000
Dynamos and motors	100,000,000
Edison storage batteries	5,000,000
Cement	271,000,000
Telegraph	350,000,000
Wireless telegraph	15,000,000

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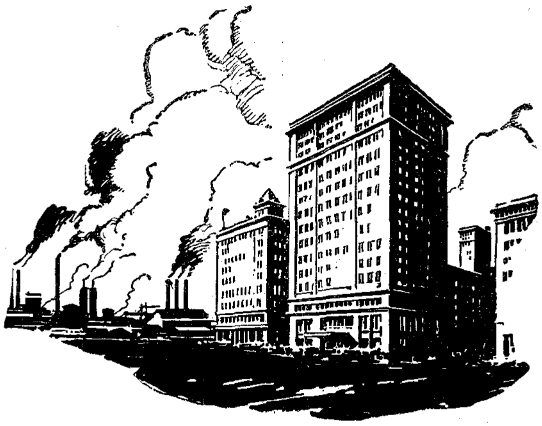

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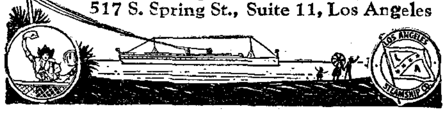
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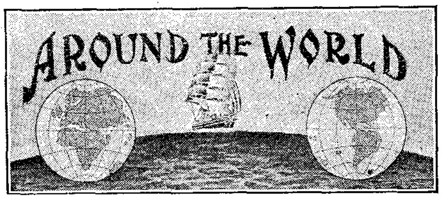

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

July 18.—The resignations of members of the Council of State of the Philippines does not constitute an attack on the United States Government, but is a protest "against the encroachment by the Governor-General on the constitutional rights of the Filipino people," states Manuel Quezon, head of the new Collectivista party, to the Associated Press.

Premier Poincaré proposes, it is reported, that France withdraw all its immediate demands on Germany except for $8,000,000,000 for reconstruction of the devastated area and wait ten or fifteen years for further adjustment, provided that Great Britain agrees to defer interallied debt adjustment for the same period.

July 19.—The House of Commons votes the necessary funds to build a naval base at Singapore.

July 20.—Marquis Curzon, British Foreign Secretary, hands to the Allied and American diplomatic representatives in London the British Government's reply to the recent German note, which, it is agreed, shall be kept secret for the time being.

Gen. Francisco Villa, Mexico's notorious bandit chieftain; his secretary, Miguel Trillo, and two body-guards are killed by bandits from ambush near Parral, Chihuahua, Mexico. Three of the bandits are arrested.

July 22.—Belleau Wood, near Chateau Thierry, where the American soldiers held up the advancing Germans five years ago, is formally consecrated and turned over to the United States by the French.

July 23.—The Philippine legislature unanimously adopts a resolution demanding the recall of Governor-General Wood.

The House of Commons adopts a motion calling on Prime Minister Baldwin to use the influence of the League of Nations to bring about a general limitation of armaments.

President de Alvear of Argentina requests the Senate to authorize the expenditure of $147,250,000 to modernize the Argentine army. This action follows the "negative results" of the recent Pan-American Conference to limit South American armaments.

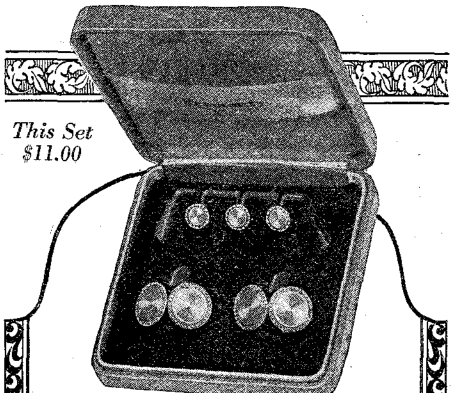
Poland and Turkey sign a treaty establishing commercial relations on the basis of the most favored nation, and an additional commercial convention.

July 24.—The Turks and Allies sign a peace treaty at Lausanne. The treaty provides for the return of Constantinople to Turkey and for the compulsory exchange of populations between Greece and Turkey, the Greeks in Turkey returning to Greece and the Turks in Greece returning to Turkey.

DOMESTIC

July 19.—Lieutenant Russell L. Maughan fails in his second attempt to span the continent between dawn and dusk, when an oil leak compels him to land at Rocky Springs, Wyoming, after he had flown 1,972 miles.

Rear-Admiral Charles Dwight Sigsbee dies at his home in New York, in his



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79th year. He was Captain of the *Maine* when she was mysteriously destroyed in Havana harbor on February 15, 1898.

July 22.—In a letter to Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, Secretary of State Hughes says that it is impossible for the United States Government now to recognize the Russian Soviet Government because its definite aim is the "destruction of the free institutions which we have laboriously built up."

July 23.—An earthquake shakes southern California from Santa Barbara to San Diego, but without serious result.

Once Is Enough.—When Maurice Francis Egan was United States Minister to Copenhagen, he made a practise of going through the provinces of Denmark once a year and lecturing on American literature. One night when the present King and Queen of Denmark were dining at the United States Legation the King, who was at that time Crown Prince, said to Mr. Egan:

"I receive agreeable reports of your lectures in the provinces. Do you use a different lecture every time?"

"I always use the same one, Your Majesty," the minister answered.

"But what do you do if people come a second time?"

"They never come a second time," was the answer.—*Kansas City Star.*

Not So Dense.—"I think that children are not as observing as they should be," said the inspector to the teacher.

"I hadn't noticed it," replied the teacher.

"Well, I'll prove it to you"; and turning to the class the inspector said:

"Some one give me a number."

"Thirty-seven," said a little boy eagerly.

The inspector wrote 73 on the board, and nothing was said.

"Will some one else give me a number?"

"Fifty-two," said another lad.

The inspector wrote down 25 on the board, and smiled at the teacher. He called for another number, and young Jack called out:

"Seventy-seven; now see if you can change that."—*Public Opinion (London).*

Religion As Needed.—The soldiers marched to the church and halted in the square outside. One wing of the edifice was undergoing repairs, so there was room for only about half the regiment.

"Sergeant," ordered the captain, "tell the men who don't want to go to church to fall out."

A large number quickly availed themselves of the privilege.

"Now, sergeant," said the captain, "dismiss all the men who did not fall out and march the others in—they need it most."—*The Continent (Chicago).*

Pity the Lion.—It was a rather small circus and carried but one lion, one tiger, one elephant and so on down the list.

After the trainer had put the lion through his paces, an elderly lady appeared at the cage door and remarked:

"Aren't you afraid that this ferocious beast will attempt to make a meal of you some day?"

"To tell you the truth, ma'am," confided the man in the dazzling uniform, "if business doesn't get any better, I'm afraid I'll have to make a meal of this ferocious beast."—*American Legion Weekly.*

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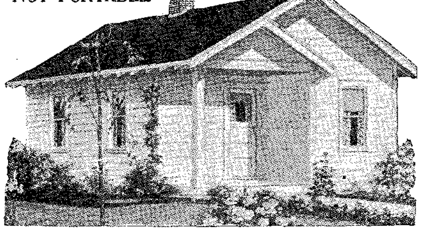

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"'Is,' of course. Honest politics is always singular."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

What It Is.—Said the man who was trying his best to appreciate good music: "When a piece threatens every minute to be a tune and always disappoints you, it's classical."—*Christian Register.*

Why the Editor Fled.—The bolt of lightning came down between Mrs. Carney and her sister, and ripped off a good deal of plaster.—*From an account of a storm in the Hudson, New York, Evening Star.*

Rather Puzzling.—JUDGE—"You say that you are innocent. How do you explain the fact that you were found near the scene of the robbery with the stolen property in your hand?"

PRISONER—"That's what's puzzlin' me too, yer honor."—*Boston Transcript.*

Veterans.—FLAPPER (after the accident)—"It was all your fault. I've been driving carefully. I've had two years' experience."

OLD BOY (picking himself up)—"But I've always walked carefully. I've had sixty-eight years' experience."—*New York Sun and Globe.*

Bank in Peril.—In one of the banks the other day a girl clerk in the accounting department called a customer and said:

"I just wanted to inform you that your account is overdrawn eight cents."

There was a long pause and then an excited feminine voice inquired:

"Gosh! Do you have to have it this morning?"—*Youngstown Telegram.*

Solving the Problem.—A young salesman had embezzled from his kind-hearted employer a considerable sum of money and had lost every cent of it on the races. He was apprehended, and the boss didn't know just what to do about it.

"Keep him on the job and deduct what he owes you from his pay," counseled an adviser.

"But," wailed the victim, "the amount is too large. He could never make it up that way. His wages are too small."

The other ruminated for a moment. Then his face cleared.

"Well, then, raise his salary," he suggested.—*American Legion Weekly.*

Energy Wasted.—LAWYER (to rattled witness)—"Did you, or did you not, on the aforementioned day, Tuesday, January Nineteenth, Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-six, feloniously and with malice aforethought listen at the keyhole of the third-floor rear apartment, then occupied as a residence by the defendant in this action on Ninetieth Street near Park Avenue, and did you not also on the Friday following the Tuesday in January before referred to in the year Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-six communicate to your wife the information acquired and repeat the conversation overheard as a result of your eavesdropping on that occasion with the result that the gossip of your wife gave wide and far currency to the overheard conversation before mentioned? Did you or did you not? Answer yes or no."

WITNESS—"Huh?"—*Life.*

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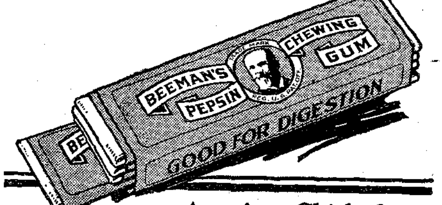

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